The Nation.

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The Week.

The official figures of the appropriations made by Congress at the recent session give the appalling total of over a billion of dollars—$1,008,397,543, to be exact. Yet so completely does our indirect system of Federal taxation blind us to the fact that such enormous sums are being taken from our pockets, that most people remain cool and indifferent. Indirect taxes are like opium, both in their insidious effect and in their grip on their victims. The story is told of a famous French Minister of Finance who bade the Deputies, when the annual expenditure first reached a billion francs, to salute the figures, inasmuch as they would never again be reached. They have since grown fourfold—a sinister comment on governmental extravagance in France. Perhaps more eloquent than our grand total of a billion dollars expended is the distribution of the expenditure. Of the entire increase—amounting to $87,000,000—54 per cent. is attributable to the army and navy. The total naval expenditure authorized is over one hundred and twenty millions, and this does not include the estimated cost of the two new battleships, two colliers, ten torpedo-boats, and eight submarines for which contracts were authorized. The increase in pension appropriations—over $16,000,000—comes next in order to naval outlay, while in the deficiency appropriation the increase over that of last session is $44,000,000. Tucked away in this deficiency appropriation are two notable items—$12,000,000 for the Panama Canal, and $12,000,000 for public buildings.

That Mr. Taft would take a hand in the Ohio fight was not to be believed. He has properly declared that he has no candidate to succeed Foraker, and if President Roosevelt will but stand on the same platform, there is an excellent outlook for Republican harmony in Ohio. That need surprise no one. Republicans are accustomed to sink their differences prior to election and present a united front to the enemy. To oppose Mr. Foraker would be exceptionally bad politics, not only because he is a dangerous fighter, but because his opposition to the President has won him friends where he never had them before. Any attempt to defeat him now would be regarded merely as an attempt to punish him for exercising a Senator's right to think for himself and vote independently of party orders. Such conduct is so rare that it may be welcomed, whether in a Foraker, a La Follette, or a Hale.

Since Mr. Gompers announced his intention of supporting "Bryanism," there have been dull murmurs of disapprobation—not to say contempt—from several quarters of the Socialist and labor camps. It does not appear that Mr. Bryan has been able to persuade the working man of his whole-hearted friendship, and President Gompers's vows of allegiance are not regarded as having any binding effect on federated labor. In fact, there seems to be some resentment at the ostentatious and, on the whole, futile way in which Gompers swung the labor club over two conventions. The union men will vote according to their own consciences, and not according to his. As Mr. Dougherty, secretary of the International Brotherhood of Book Binders, says, "the Republican union men will vote the Republican ticket and the Democrats the Democratic ticket, just as Protestants and Roman Catholics will continue to go to their respective places of worship." The *International Socialist Review* scouts the idea that the working people can be "bound, gagged, and delivered to Tom, Dick, and Harry by Gompers or anybody else." As for the Socialist, he cracks a smile at the great leader's discomfiture at Chicago, and scornfully sniffs at his attempt to make the "reds" desert their party and "permit themselves to be thrown from one capitalist-bunch to the other."

Mr. Bryan's avowal of his intention, if elected, of making his running mate, Mr. Kern, an unofficial member of his Cabinet, is an interesting suggestion, formed with a proper idea of enhancing both the dignity and the usefulness of the President's understudy, but aimed, we fear, in the wrong direction. If Mr. Bryan's proposal hardened into habitual usage, we should discover its drawbacks. Incompatibility of temperament between the Chief Executive and the Vice-President might be cited in a large number of recent instances. Can one imagine that President McKinley would have been exactly happy to have had sitting at his council board the gentleman who succeeded him? How surely could Mr. Sherman be counted on to uphold the "Roosevelt policies" in case Mr. Sherman sat at Mr. Taft's right hand in Cabinet meetings? The truth is that an able and trusted occupant of the Vice-President's chair, such as the late Mr. Hobart, is not unlikely to be taken into the confidence of the President, unless—as so often happens—both are nursing antagonistic "booms" for themselves or others. The Vice-Presidency, we fear, will continue for some time to suffer under the disability that deprives it of greatness except when an emergency calls its occupant to surrender it. At the same time, Mr. Bryan is on the right track in making a protest against the use of the position as a mere consolation prize for a disgruntled political faction.

"Bryan After Hearst Party—Plans to Get Independence League Endorsement"—thus runs the heading over a press dispatch from Lincoln. That Bryan would be glad to get these votes is undeniable. Mr. Taft himself would not refuse them. That Mr. Bryan will succeed in capturing Mr. Hearst's private following is far less certain. A few of the men who have been looking to Mr. Hearst as their prophet have already come out for Bryan; a few of the local organizations—several in Brooklyn, for example—have passed resolutions favoring Bryan. But we venture to say that the party as a whole will not break away from Mr. Hearst until he is ready to let go of it. In the history of American politics there has been no more remarkable example of a party paid for and pocketed by a single man. Pot-hunting politicians throughout this country have flocked to the Hearst standard, and they have served under it so long as they have found such service more profitable than working for a living. Of late, however, there have been signs that Mr. Hearst's ambition is flagging and his generosity is reaching its limit. He has other ways of spending the revenue from the family mines; and the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. But we doubt whether they will try to eat from the hand of Mr. Bryan; for that hand is apparently empty also. If the Republican managers can secure enough money and promise enough offices, these unswerving foes of plutocracy who have vowed eternal fidelity to Hearst will speedily perceive that Mr. Taft is the real saviour of the country. On the other hand, astute politicians, like Mr. Hitchcock, may discover that the Hearst party is not worth buying at any price.

The decision of the Anti-Imperialist League to support Bryan was to be expected. Many of its members and sympathizers stood by him in 1900, not because they cared for him personally, but because they regarded the Imperialist issue as the all-important one, and his position against it as sound and historically correct. No doubt the Democratic plank of 1908 also is more dis-

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tinctly anti-Imperialist than the Republican:

> We condemn the experiment in Imperialism as an inexcusable blunder, which has involved us in an enormous expense, brought us weakness instead of strength, and laid our nation open to the charge of abandoning a fundamental doctrine of self-government. We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us as we guarantee the independence of Cuba, until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers. In recognizing the independence of the Philippines our government should retain such land as may be necessary for coaling stations and naval bases.

To this topic, it is announced, Mr. Taft will pay special attention in his letter of acceptance. Meanwhile, his own party says briefly enough of its rash colonial venture:

> In the Philippines insurrection has been suppressed, law established, and life and property made secure. Education and practical experience are there advancing the capacity of the people for government, and the policies of McKinley and Roosevelt are leading the inhabitants step by step to an ever-increasing measure of home rule.

So far as the platforms are concerned, the adherent of old Constitutional policies will prefer the Democratic. But when it comes to the candidates, we must not forget that it was Mr. Bryan who served in the war with Spain, and then, after denouncing it, brought about the adoption of the Treaty of Paris, which fastened its grave consequences upon us. Yet he has rendered great service at home and abroad to the cause of peace. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, thoroughly approves the military policy of Mr. Roosevelt; and his attitude towards the independence of the Filipinos is tantamount to keeping them in leading strings forever. But every one knows where Mr. Taft will always stand; no one can tell from year to year where the unstable Bryan will land.

The seventh annual report of the Philippine Civil Service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, contains too much of interest to be overlooked because it has only just appeared in print. The director of the service, William S. Washburn, has been compelled to report that the withdrawals of competent and desirable men increase; twice as many resigned as in the previous year. Of the 500 who resigned, more than 100 were university or college graduates, including scientists, civil engineers, surveyors, physicians, etc., as against forty of the same educational qualifications who resigned in the year ending June 30, 1906. The loss of these men, says Mr. Washburn, "is in many instances irreparable." "Good men," he continues, "were evidently discouraged and apparently lost hope that the Philippine public service promised a career that would justify their remaining in it." Should these conditions remain unchanged, Mr. Washburn thinks that all hope of "establishing firmly a dignified and efficient civil service in these islands, composed of men above mediocrity and grafting tendencies, must be abandoned." Five changes Mr. Washburn thinks essential, if the service is to be made both attractive and worthy. There must be tenure of office for the efficient as secure as in any other branch of the Federal service; promotion by merit when vacancies are to be filled; pensions for disability or after a fixed term of service, the appointment of Filipinos to all positions they are competent to fill; and, finally, the prompt retirement of any man who is no longer efficient, or whose work is done by subordinates. As for the pensions, Mr. Washburn himself is in doubt as to whether the time has arrived to establish such a system. It is not necessary, he says, in order to induce high-grade Filipinos to remain in the public service. It is undoubtedly true that other nations pension their colonial officials; but since the United States does not pay civil pensions at home, it seems impractical to offer them in the islands. The elimination of the unfit is the grave problem of our own civil service boards, Federal, State, and municipal. If Mr. Washburn can devise an equitable way of getting rid of the drones he will have rendered a national service. It is gratifying to note that the relative number of Filipinos increases yearly. In 1903 the service was made up of Americans and Filipinos in equal numbers, above the grade of laborer. On January 1, 1907, there were 2,616 Americans and 3,902 Filipinos, and the change under Mr. Washburn's direction since then must be even more marked.

Would not Tolstoy, if he looked toward Canada, find that the problem of government and governed is not so simple as he would have it? The Dukhobors, that throng of primitive pietists whom the Count helped to emigrate to Canada some years ago to escape the persecution of the Czar's government, are in trouble again. They have been almost continually in trouble since their arrival. On two or three occasions these simple followers of the communal life have put away their tools and their clothes and started out, in the heart of winter, to search for the Lord. And one day last week, at Yorktown, in Saskatchewan, a band of 100 Dukhobors fought for three hours against a squad of mounted police, and a dozen of them were finally put into jail. Now, the Dukhobors have attained that state of pristine simplicity which Tolstoy demands as the basis of peace in society. The Canadian government, especially in distant and roomy Saskatchewan, is far from being like the Czar's. It has favored the Russian immigrants and been indulgent to their peculiarities. Yet in Saskatchewan, as in Russia, Count Tolstoy's sad vision will find the common curses of our own civilization, hatred, prisons, and war.

The annual report of the Hamburg Shipowners' Association will afford cold comfort to the advocates of a subsidy for our American merchant marine. The plight of the freighter and the passenger packet is laid at the door of the world-wide industrial depression. One might imagine that, under the circumstances, the Hamburg shipowners would grasp at a government subsidy as a dying man at a straw. But they have learned wisdom from observation. They condemn the subsidy policy as unbusinesslike and pernicious. Subsidies, except for mail service, they regard as certain to result in a plethora of ocean carriers, and in a more desperate rivalry for tonnage. They therefore advocate an international conference for doing away with ship subsidies. The suggestion of the anti-ship-subsidy conference is approved by such an eminent authority as Herr Ballin, the director-general of the Hamburg Line, in an open letter to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

Portugal's welter of misrule, murder, and theft would seem to be moving steadily towards the overthrow of the monarchy, if there were not the drag of an illiterate and untrained population. Servia alone among European states can offer the parallel to the present situation in Portugal. Two political parties, alternating in office and playing into each other's hands, have for years been stealing the public funds. The only perceptible reason for their respective names is that the Regenerationist leaders used the nation's money to regenerate their personal fortunes, and the Progressives made rapid progress in piling up a huge national debt. The ruling house suffered from the prevalent disease of itching palm, and ministers to curry royal favor advanced "loans" to the King in his counting-house, the Queen in her parlor, the maid-of-honor in the garden. Then the party thieves fell out among themselves; and King Carlos, restless undoubtedly under the obligation imposed by Progressives and Regenerationists, frightened probably by the spread of the republican agitation, and perhaps stirred in conscience a bit, determined to make an end of the dual plunder system, chose Franco for his Minister, and made a clean sweep of the Constitution. He went too far. The

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politicians of the old parties, out of fear of exposure, hit upon the plan of making King Carlos the scapegoat. The republicans did not object to violent means. And hence we have the spectacle of a King murdered as the result of a conspiracy in which the men who now rule the country accuse each other of being implicated; and the young King dare not look for the truth, or reveal it, if, as is probable, he knows it.

So far as the outside world is concerned, the new Cabinet in Japan is the same that guided the country through the war with Russia. The Premier is the same, Count Katsura, and the foreign portfolio goes back to Baron Komura, who negotiated peace at Portsmouth with Count Witte. The Saionji Cabinet, which came into office in January, 1906, fulfilled a necessary, if thankless, function. It had to guide the Japanese people back from the highways of victory and exalted hopes through the hard path of reaction and bitter payment for the glories of war, to the humble realization that the world is, after all, not Japan's. Immediately after the war the Katsura Cabinet had to go specifically because of the profound disappointment aroused by the terms of the treaty with Russia. But if it had survived that crisis, it would have fallen, as the Saionji Cabinet fell, sapped by the decline of aggressive militarism as the war retreated into the distance. Premier Saionji was too precipitate in his efforts to force recognition of complete equality for Japan in the sisterhood of nations. The result has been a quickened sense of Japanese "peril" on every shore of the Pacific. And now we have direct assurance by the new Premier, that armaments will be reduced, and that the peace of the world shall have no complaint to bring against Japan.

The Legislative Council of India has been hard at work to devise means for the prevention of bomb-throwing. In supporting the recently introduced Explosives Bill, Sir H. Adamson, as reported in the Calcutta *Englishman*, declared that the forces hostile to the government are not the scum of the lower classes, but "educated men banded together against all the interests that keep society alive—men who, like pirates, are the enemies of the human race." This is surely a two-edged charge. The Explosives Bill provides that the bare possession of explosives constitutes a criminal offence, unless the possessor can show that he has no evil intentions. The most original part of the bill is the "definition clause." An "explosive" includes not only the finished bomb, but the uncompounded ingredients. "If you allow a man to have in one room sulphuric acid, in another room nitric acid, and in another room glycerine, and you are to await till he combines the three, he will defy your law." How far beneath material evidences can the law probe? Sir H. Adamson followed up the Explosives Bill with an Incitement to Offences Act. It is bootless, he urged, to remove the temporary effect without removing the permanent cause. The *Yugantar* newspaper, five times prosecuted for incitement to offences, has lifted up its diminished head after each chastisement. It has been connected time after time with outbreaks of the most atrocious and anarchistic nature. The only way to deal with such a catlifed journal is to confiscate the press and extinguish it utterly. But why stop with the press? Extinguishing the *Yugantar* will not extinguish its editors, nor the people whose passions it foments. If the law recognizes as an offence the possession of glycerine, nitric and sulphuric acid in adjoining rooms, why should it not take cognizance of hunger in a man's stomach, hatred in his heart? These dangerous ingredients also compound swiftly.

The University of Berlin has successfully revolted against his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser and the entire Prussian government. We reported the other day the extraordinary action of the government in creating a new professorship in economics at the university, and appointing to it a little-known and young professor, Ludwig Bernhard, who has been doing a useful political service to the government in defending its treatment of the Prussian Poles. The university authorities knew nothing of this project until the position was created and filled. The Minister excused the anomaly by saying there was no time to communicate with them—although the university is but ten minutes' walk from the Ministry of Education. But the philosophical faculty, exercising its legitimate powers, has come to the rescue of the university by positively refusing to accept Professor Bernhard as a colleague; not, it is expressly stated, for any reasons derogatory to him, but because of the action of the government in not consulting the university authorities in advance. Simultaneously, it is announced that Professor Bernhard will give up the teaching career and will probably accept a handsome offer from a large corporation.

The latest delay in starting the longest voyage ever undertaken by a heavily loaded and well-manned airship does not discourage the seventy-year-old inventor, Count Zeppelin. The second of this month was the eighth anniversary of his first ascent with his first dirigible balloon, and in these past eight years he has sacrificed several fortunes and gone on experimenting with all the ardor of youth. It was only the other day he maintained, in his address before an assembly of German engineers at Dresden, that with proper preparations one of his airships could rise and land without difficulty or danger. The accident which has again injured his most successful invention will not therefore shake his faith in his own theory; but it will confirm many a doubter who refuses to take this invention at the value placed upon it by the German Emperor and press until it has proved invulnerable in a sudden and a heavy storm. Something like this was in the mind of the German Minister of War, Von Einem, when he demanded that Zeppelin should operate his craft in a storm before its acceptance by the government. Zeppelin himself, however, in his Dresden speech asserted flatly that the movement of his airship could in nowise be affected by sudden change of atmospheric pressure. He is, at least, justified by actual results in exulting over the great scientist, Von Helmholtz, who once declared that such airships as Zeppelin proposed were impossible.

For the rigid type of airship the Count is enthusiastic. It can go further in the same time than one of the semi-rigid kind. An injury to the single gas chamber of the latter is dangerous, because the airship loses not only its ability to stay aloft, but the form necessary for successful steering, whereas the rigid balloon retains its shape even when it has lost some of its buoyancy; the loss of one of its gas chambers is comparable to the flooding of a single compartment in an ocean liner. And that the rigid airship retains its form quite independently of the action of its motors is another point upon which Zeppelin dwells. He is, moreover, particularly satisfied with his new Daimler motors, which are heavier than any he has used heretofore. His belief in relatively small and rapidly revolving propellers is fortified by his most recent experiences; and in the extraordinary impermeability of the covers of his gas-bags he sees another step forward. As for the two watertight aluminum cars which hang beneath the gas-bag, dispatches report that the living quarters are so commodious and well arranged as to have given a special impulse to the formation of a large company to undertake an aerial passenger service. This may be discounting the future, but there is no denying that the world has entered on a new era in airship construction. The feverish activity among inventors everywhere—even in China—is certain to have results. Even our own army authorities have suddenly become convinced that there is something in the new devices for flying, and they deem it worth while to hold out inducements for military airships.

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COMPETITION IN POLITICAL PURITY.

In the lively contest in political purity between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, Mr. Taft has just scored a point by announcing that the Republican National Committee will not accept contributions from any corporation. Mr. Bryan had already made a declaration to the same effect. The honors between the two leaders seem now to be about even, though in view of the intimate relations between the Republican Committee and the corporations in recent campaigns, Mr. Taft has made the greater renunciation. The spectacle of the parties bidding against each other in the matter of opening the campaign subscription books and in spurning "tainted" money is as exhilarating as unexpected. What Congress refused to do, what the Republican Convention shied at, has been brought about by the candidates. Each of them has perceived whither public sentiment is tending, and has sought to get into accord with it. The first move was made when Mr. Taft sensibly and shrewdly took a position in advance of his party, and gave orders that an account of all moneys given to aid his election should be made public after the voting was over. Then came Mr. Bryan, announcing that *his* publicity will begin on October 15, and extend over every day thereafter until the campaign closes. This is in line with the McCall bill, which provided that a sworn return of funds obtained should be published before as well as after the election. The arguments for such a course are obvious. If we are going to have publicity at all, we may as well have it real and entire. A huge campaign fund disclosed only after it had done its corrupting work would add more to our national mortification than to our wisdom.

It seems probable that the Republicans, in spite of statements to the contrary, will be obliged to follow the Democratic lead. When Mr. Bryan's committee tells the public on October 15 how much money it has raised, Mr. Taft's committee will be almost forced into equal frankness. Refusal would wear too sinister a look. The Democratic press and candidate would at once cry out that Republican pretensions of willingness to let the people know all were hollow; that Mr. Taft's managers had been resorting to the old tricks of tariff blackmail and corporation favoritism, and dared not let the whole truth be known. Under such circumstances, political expediency, if not very shame, will dictate a publication of the facts. The Republican Treasurer, Mr. Sheldon, may as well make his preparations to do this. It will come with better grace as volunteered than if extorted. The large fact is clear that this Presidential campaign is going to differ from any that has preceded it, in letting the voters know how large the party fund is, and who gave the money.

The great evils of secrecy in the raising and expending of money to carry elections are not confined to direct corruption of the suffrage by outright purchase of votes. Far too much of that has been done. When Harriman wrote that the $260,000 which he raised for Roosevelt in the closing days of the campaign of 1904 meant a change of 50,000 votes, he undoubtedly implied that they were bought like so many railway shares. In the two campaigns which Mark Hanna conducted so lavishly, doubtless an appalling amount of the coin found its way to the pockets of venal voters. But even more demoralizing and shocking are the secret arrangements of the party managers with large contributors. They are given, for their money, a first lien upon legislation, or are promised that they will be looked after when it comes to distribute good things in office. If the books of the two McKinley campaigns, and of Roosevelt's in 1904, could be inspected by the public, it would get an insight into many mysteries of law-making—and failures to make laws, such as those revising the tariff—and also understand why some apparently inexplicable appointments were silently made. This scandal has pursued and hurt both parties. It will not be forgotten that Mr. Whitney based the claim of a rich Newporter to the Italian embassy upon a contribution of $50,000 or so to the campaign fund, nor that President Cleveland tried to carry out the bargain. Who buys owns, has been the tacit or avowed maxim of wealthy men in sending large checks to campaign committees.

Unlike mercy, the secret contribution of a great sum of money to politicians curses both him who gives and him who takes. It is a source of political debauchery wherever tolerated. In England, it has embarrassed both parties and caused the nation to blush. The public has seen brewers suddenly converted into barons, and bankers into knights, and has understood perfectly that the only reason was a generous subscription to the expenses of the party. The matter has been brought up again and again in Parliament; and Liberal Premiers have vied with Conservative Prime Ministers in making shame-faced explanations of the "birthday honors," which do not explain. If this kind of purchased distinction is to be tolerated at all, we should like to see it adopted in the case of our own large contributors to party treasuries, rather than the form of reward which we do practise. To enable a man to write "Sir" before his name would tickle his vanity as much as making him an Ambassador, and would do less harm to the public service.

Cynics are questioning both the sincerity and the thoroughness of the publicity promised for this campaign. It is hinted that rich contributors will find a way of hiding their $25,000 checks behind 250 plain citizens—Smiths and Robinsons—who will each give $100, and not have to make a report, the sum being small. That a certain amount of trickery and deception will be attempted, it is highly probable. But in the main, we are confident that both committees will set forth an honest transcript of the facts. The country will know all, even if it does not pardon all. To have achieved no more than that is to have made a great political advance. Other reforms will seem less unattainable, now that campaign publicity has come to be established in a way so quiet and unforeseen.

A BISHOP PUBLICIST.

Bishop Potter was an eminent ecclesiastic who was yet better known as a public man than a churchman. He may have had distinction as a theologian, but of this the generality knew nothing. Nor was he of the priestly type. He was not, either in appearance or in the habit of his life, one of those devout, ascetic, saintly souls, to whom, as Mr. Gladstone said, "men look up as to the stars." Bishop Potter's robust personality and direct contact with the world about him reminded one, rather, of those English bishops who are half-churchmen, half-statesmen. It would be hard to name another American bishop who would have seemed so naturally placed in the House of Lords alongside, we will say, Magee.

Of recent years, age and the demands of his diocesan work had compelled Bishop Potter somewhat to abate his secular activities. Less in the public eye, it was easier for a short-memoried people to forget the prominence he long held in this city, and the useful part he played in civic and, indeed, national affairs. From about 1885 to 1898 no one was more in demand as a speaker on public occasions, and no one who spoke so often spoke better. He had a fine presence and manner, and he usually had something to say. It is clear that he valued highly such extra-clerical opportunities to impress himself upon the community. It was, to him, a part of the prophetic function of his ministry. There were times when he rose to its full height. One of them was the celebration of the centenary of the Presidency of the United States, in 1889, when it fell to Bishop Potter to preach the sermon in St. Paul's, with President Harrison in the audience. The preacher took advantage of the general disgust at the way in which the time and strength of the new Administration were being frittered away in the division of the spoils to utter a few pungent words about the impossibility of imagining George Washington devoting his chief

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thoughts and energies to such office-broking. It was a sort of Nathan to David address, and produced an effect as wide as the nation. That Bishop Potter carefully weighed his message in advance is shown by the fact that he consulted Mr. Godkin about it before it was delivered. Naturally, that stout civil-service reformer bade him strike and spare not; and, after the prophetic rebuke had been delivered, wrote to him: "I think it is the bravest, timeliest, and most effective piece of pulpit oratory which this generation has heard, and a noble use of a great occasion. If it hurts any one, it will show that he is very sick, and finds in you his physician."

Being so completely a man of his period, Bishop Potter could not but share in that sense of "social compunction" which Mrs. Ward has said distinguishes our age. The fortunate feel for the unfortunate as never before; the educated for the ignorant; the safe for the imperilled. In many forms of humanitarian work, even when not calling itself religious, the Bishop of New York took interest. He gave name and pen and voice and time to charitable causes. His independent mind did not permit him to refrain from criticising philanthropy, when he thought it mistaken, and at times his reformatory zeal took a turn which exposed him to ridicule, as in his proposals for church saloons. But his good nature and firm poise enabled him to take the raillery, and even the denunciation, with a smile. He had the saving grace of humor, for lack of which too many social reformers have been a trifle forbidding in their earnestness.

It would be stretching eulogy to say that Bishop Potter always escaped the dangers which beset a churchman engaging freely in civic and political movements. People expect a clergyman to bring to such work higher standards, finer motives, and a more unyielding conscience than the average layman. But, unhappily, the children of light are not always wiser than their generation. They do not invariably rise superior to their environment. When they find all men compromising, they are very apt to compromise, too, and to bow down in the House of Rimmon. This is bad for them personally, and it is bad for their sacred calling. We do not like to see our spiritual guides acting as if they were no better than politicians. So it was necessarily with something of a shock that people saw Bishop Potter recant his first strong words about the recreancy to American principles involved in our treatment of the Filipinos. This had a disheartening tendency, in the public mind, to classify him with Chauncey Depew.

One cannot, however, have in this world a quality without the hazard of its defect. In general, Bishop Potter represented a most useful form of religion—that which does not hold itself aloof from the world, in cell or oratory, but goes to mart and university and forum, to meet and study human nature in the concrete, to take as well as to give, and learn while teaching. In the large division of labor of the church—what the Apostle recognized as "diversity of gifts"—there is room for many types of service. Some are called to the brooding life apart, their looks commercing with the skies. Others do their best work in touch with their fellows, letting all the streams of tendency play full upon them, and endeavoring to influence life at many points. The late Bishop of New York will be most missed because his death marks the disappearance of what was long a great civic figure.

THE PARTIES AND THE PROFESSIONS.

Mr. Bryan's speech on Saturday to a visiting delegation of teachers and scholars serves not to settle a question, but to raise one. Passing from "the divine law of rewards" to the importance and special qualifications for the work of teaching, Mr. Bryan emerges with the query, "And yet what is your remuneration?" The complaint is not a new one. It is only an irritant, political version of Johnson's Grub Street couplet:

> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

The real question it raises is the interest of professional men as a class in the economic and political struggles which loom so large to-day.

Upon this subject there are two sharply antithetical views. The one is that of Prof. Werner Sombart of Breslau, the historian of Socialism, who insists that professional people are "outside the class struggle" between capitalists and the proletariat. According to Sombart, those who render personal and professional services are not welded together by any feeling of class unity. They attach themselves to one camp or the other according as they are inclined individually by personal ties of kinship or acquaintance with individuals in either camp. Instead of reckoning on the *intellectuels*, or the learned proletariat, as eventual recruits for Socialism, the Breslau professor looks at them as an atomic agglomeration prospering each like a parasite, only as that party prospers to which professional people as individuals are attached.

A sharply opposed view is taken by an American scholar, Prof. J. C. Van Dyke of Rutgers College, in his recent vivacious little book, "The Money God." After inveighing against the relative and the absolute disparity in pay presented by a statistical comparison of artisans' wages and the average earnings of clergymen, lawyers, and teachers in the United States, Professor Van Dyke ascribes the low remuneration of professional men to a two-fold cause. They are not organized into aggressive political units like the trades unions, and are consequently victimized by predatory wealth and a robber tariff. They scorn, moreover, says their apologist, to prefer their class interest to the general interest of the community, and reap the reward of their altruism in their meagre compensation. Artists and authors, for example, would be ashamed to suggest the exclusion of European competitors or their products.

The chances are that in each of these opposing views there is a blend of truth and falsehood. Sombart's assumption that professional people "stand outside the class struggle" and have nothing to gain as a class, whether capitalists or trades unionists have the ear of the Legislature, is probably untrue. It comes dangerously near the exploded notion that unless a man's labor takes definite, tangible, vendible shape, the labor is unproductive or socially useless. If this were so, the man who trains horses is a producer, while the man who trains men is an economic parasite. The German savant is probably right, however, in emphasizing the absence of a distinct class interest among all grades of professional men. Their class interest is not focused, at all events, and so is often politically negligible. On the other hand, our American defender of the professional man probably imputes to his brethren somewhat too large an infusion of disinterestedness and altruism. The exceptionally gifted lawyer is said not to scruple to exact large fees; and the same thing has been hinted even of eminent specialists in medicine. But with due allowance for these failings, it is incontestably true that the interests of professional men have been systematically neglected, and even betrayed by legislators and politicians. A British finance minister once contended that the most heavily taxed people in England, in proportion to their means, were the small income-tax payers, "where the cloth coat leaves off and the fustian jacket begins." And it would be nothing surprising if the same thing were true to-day in the United States.

So far as the present campaign is concerned, it cannot be said that the economic interests of the professional classes are likely to be very carefully treated by either party. These classes will still sell their services in a competitive market and buy their supplies of tariff-fed Trusts and their labor of the "job-Trusts," *alias* the unions. Mr. Bryan's solicitude will be discounted by many of the teachers and other professional men. They will remember how ready he was to confiscate their savings and shrink their insurance policies in 1896, "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." They will

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recall with alarm his approval of special legislation to legalize the boycott and to weaken the equity powers of the courts. They will remember his versatility in lending an ear to the loudest note in the welkin, now donning the uniform of the volunteer colonel, and now lecturing on "The Prince of Peace." They may even notice that, though the platform plank promising a Cabinet portfolio to a labor representative has his hearty approval, it does not occur to him that a Minister of Education could be of any service at his official council board. Nor has the Republican party, as a party, any claim on the professional classes. It has restricted the importation of books and scientific apparatus and put a tariff on works of art. It has raised the professional man's cost of living without any corresponding compensation, and shorn all uncomplaining consumers in ways without number. But for all this, the old adage that the frying pan is preferable to the fire will occur to many a weary-hearted and well-robbed professional man.

LESSONS FROM A FRENCH NOVEL.

It is risky to suggest going to school to the French novelist; but we should learn of our enemies as well as love them. In the best French fiction there is a quality that is almost unknown in the American novel—a fineness of flavor and workmanship that makes our six best sellers seem amateurish and flat. When a choice is possible, many readers will still prefer an unknown novel from France to a native product, and on perfectly valid grounds. The English writers who are so clamant for Latin liberty in dealing with matters not hitherto openly discussed in polite English society, by no means possess the whole secret. It may well appear to thoughtful minds that the limit set by Anglo-Saxon taste is not a thing to chafe at, but to be thankful for. There are areas of the higher moral life secured by it which are scarcely dreamt of in the French philosophy. There is no great English novelist of whom it can be said, as was said of Balzac, that he could not portray a good woman. There are national as well as individual specialties; and it is a credit to the English that they have not much striven to excel in the field proscribed by their own traditions and already preëmpted by the French. In commending the French novel it is necessary to add the caution to throw away the worser part and live the purer with the other half. It must be esteemed, as Matthew Arnold esteemed it, for the virtues in which the English race is particularly deficient.

The occasion of these reflections is a new novel, "Ciel rouge," of which two parts have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author is Baronne Aimery de Pierrebourg ("Claude Ferval"), whose earlier novel, "L'Autre amour," was crowned by the French Academy. The plot of "Ciel rouge," so far as it has been published, is startlingly conventional. It is the very old story of a dreamy, inexperienced girl, Laurence Bertal—nourished, by the way, on Balzac's "Le Lys dans la vallée"—given in marriage by worldly-wise parents to Ivan de Kermor, a lieutenant in the army. Lieut. Kermor is a man of property and a strong sense of proprietary right in every part of the household, including the members of his family. Of spiritual sympathies and aspirations he is destitute. The customary disillusionment follows for Laurence. The care of a growing daughter fills her hungry heart for some years; but eventually, in her mature womanhood, she meets in the drawing-room of her own father a poet whose heart is as hungry as her own. "Il semblia à Laurence qu'ils se tendaient l'un à l'autre la coupe vide de leurs cœurs." This is enough of the story to point the moral, deplorable as it is. Indeed, it is only on the technical side that "Ciel rouge" offers us anything of value.

The American mind athirst for novelty must regard such a plot as intolerably commonplace; why read the story at all? The Frenchman, on the other hand, would probably no more think of making that objection than the Athenian would have made objection to the "Prometheus" of Æschylus on the ground that he had heard the fable before. For the French novel seems to have reached a stage in some ways analogous to that reached by the Greek drama in the age of Pericles. The wise tragic dramatist, Aristotle pointed out, did not waste his energy in the search for unexplored material and strange themes. Prior to the classic age, to be sure, writers had made all manner of experiments; but the best practice of the great days confined itself to a few familiar subjects—Thebes or Pelops' line or the tale of Troy. The originality of the poet was exhibited in his invention within the limits of the well-known story, in the beauty of his diction, and in the profundity of his comment on life. So far as plot and material are concerned, the French novelist has comparatively little to decide. It is merely a question of a few formulas within one of which he must work.

Now precisely where the French novel is strong the American novel is weak, and vice versa. We feel, perhaps justly enough, that our fiction is more wholesome and more fairly representative of our life. We have not yet produced *the* American novel, and probably never shall. But we have a large body of more or less deciduous literature, which, taken together, mirrors in its crude way the American scene. We have New England novels and novels of the great Northwest, Chicago novels, and novels of New Orleans; and, on the whole, we are pretty well pleased with the variety and abundance of our literary output. But this large and heterogeneous mass of fiction has the defect of its qualities; it lacks choiceness and distinction. Prof. William James asserts with incorrigible optimism that "without too much you cannot have enough of anything. Lots of inferior books, lots of bad statues, lots of dull speeches, of tenth-rate men and women, as a condition of the few precious specimens in either kind being realized." As the condition, yes; but as the cause, no. We can never have the precious things in literature merely by adding to the multitude of cheap things. We can never have a fine piece of fiction merely by seeking some new thing. On the rock of novelty many of our writers split; they are mortally afraid of conventionality. Their search is all for new themes, new theories, new social groups to exploit. The result is a great increase in raw material, but little or no progress in the art of using it.

When American fiction reaches the classic age, we shall find its authors taking more thought for the morrow. They will remember that in a little while their novelties will be very stale, and recognize that nothing can preserve their work from oblivion but some special grace and fineness of workmanship. Consequently, they will accept with gladness the conventional and obvious plot as giving them leisure to devote themselves to transmuting their raw materials into the refined and precious product of art. They will work, for the most part, in harmony with the established order, discerning that pamphleteering for upstart social and political causes is foreign to the spirit of their calling. They will cordially refrain from offending the noble moral prejudices of the race; for they will find in them the helpful limitations of their best work.

THE PERIL OF THE BOOK STORE.

The recent statement of Frank H. Dodd, president of the American Publishers' Association, regarding the decision of the Appellate Division as to right to fix prices of copyright books contains some significant comment on conditions in the book-trade. He says:

> The object which the publishers have all along had in view is not to increase their own prices or profits, but to guarantee dealers in books a fair profit such as will enable them to maintain themselves, and thus to preserve the book store from decline or even extinction. . . . The publishers have tried not only to conserve the book stores, but to foster the business of department stores in the better class of literature. . . . Should they be unsuccessful, the inevitable outcome will be a lessened output of the more serious and valuable books. The difficulty of selling these

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has already increased to a serious extent. The progressive publisher will, of course, adapt himself to the market, and should it become necessary for him to publish nothing but light fiction, he can do so. But if the business had no higher ideals than this, many of those who have given their lives to it would be engaged in other and more remunerative callings.

The phrase "higher ideals" implies that in the production and sale of books, as of other works of art, other considerations than the purely commercial must enter. Books are not to be viewed as a mere commodity, like pork and wheat, to which no sentiment attaches. The author, the publisher, the retailer, and the buyer must each in the long run get a fair return for their outlay of brains, of capital and business skill, and of money, but that fair return is not to be reckoned wholly in terms of dollars and cents. There is a margin, often small but none the less real, to be charged to other accounts.

In the case of the author the fact is clearly enough recognized. The writer who will go on turning out pot-boilers at the most rapid pace, who will sacrifice the quality of his work to quantity simply for the sake of money, is everywhere condemned. He is an artist who prostitutes his art to sordid ends. This common feeling—and it is at bottom just—explains the outcry when Trollope's "Autobiography" was published. To the casual reader Trollope appeared to be turning out fiction by the yard, just as a cotton-mill turns out sheeting. Trollope's emphasis on his method of composition certainly lent color to the notion that his chief concern was to fill as many pages as possible and led people to forget that he was also a careful artist. We like to think of our author as writing only when in a fine lyric rapture, and as living patiently on oatmeal till he is seized by the inspiration. The rest of us are at liberty to plod along mechanically at our more highly paid tasks; but in the realm of literature we insist that no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame.

Nor does this obligation stop with the artist. The ideal publisher is a man who is primarily interested in disseminating sound literature. We admit that he should make a fair profit, but if profit is all that he looks for, he should devote himself to what Mr. Dodd calls "other and more remunerative callings." And our ideal is often realized. The long list of notable publishers is made up of men who have brought to the undertaking the standards not of a mere trade, but of a profession. They have felt a compulsion to seek for good books regardless of immediate return. That is the honorable tradition established through several generations, say, by the Murrays of London. That is the tradition maintained by the foremost firms in this country. "I like to bring out my books through Mr. ———," said a writer on philosophy recently, "because he is something of a philosopher himself and takes a personal interest in the matter." The phrase applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all high-minded publishers. They are men of education and taste who will not print a book in which they and their kind may not take a legitimate interest. Granted that in publishing there are shysters as in law, quacks as in medicine, and sensationalists as in journalism, the fact remains that the best men in the business are governed by an intellectual and ethical code different from that of the maker of steel billets.

And this code, as Mr. Dodd plainly intimates, must be extended to the retailer if our purveyors of literature are not to come to grief. The difficulty with the book-counter of the average department store is that the books there are treated exactly as if they were calico, breakfast food, or wash-tubs. They are bought in vast quantities at the lowest possible cost, and are indiscriminately sold at bargain prices. We do not deny that a few of these book departments are competently conducted or that the cheapest and worst of them may be useful in bringing books to the attention of people who might otherwise never dream of buying them. But in general the book department which is but a small section of a huge shop can never be a substitute for the regular well-stocked book-store which it seems to be killing. The busy, hurried, crowded aisles of the big store do not invite to sauntering, and a leisurely tasting of this book and that till one has hit upon something that catches the fancy. The brisk young woman, whose ignorance of literature, except the last popular novel, is so abysmal, cannot take the place of the well-read bookman who is glad to have you sample his wares and who can, if asked, give you judicious advice as to the flavor of almost any volume on his shelves. The picture of the real book-seller has often been drawn from life—the man who actually loves books, and delights to handle them and to discuss them with an appreciative purchaser. The genus is, we fear, becoming extinct. In a few of our smaller cities he still survives and leads a precarious existence; perhaps half a dozen of the tribe may be found in the wilds of Manhattan. Wherever he lives he is a humanizing influence which we cannot afford to lose in this age of iron and concrete. If the publishers can do anything to keep him alive, they will deserve well of the republic of letters.

But the publishers cannot bear the burden alone. The rest of us also have a duty to discharge. A well-stocked and intelligently managed book-shop may be regarded as an important public institution. It deserves consideration and support beyond that accorded to most mercantile enterprises. If we ask author, publisher, and book-seller to make some sacrifice for the sake of literature, we must also do our share. It is worth our while to buy at the good book-shop, even if we occasionally miss a bargain in cheap reprints, shop-worn or shoddy bindings, or cut-rate novels at the department store. The great truth that man shall not live by bread alone applies to buyers quite as much as to the makers of books.

NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 1.

None of the Australasian experiments in government has attracted more attention in foreign countries than the system of industrial arbitration first projected in South Australia, then established in New Zealand, and next imported by New South Wales and Western Australia. None has provoked more controversy. In the United States alone the system has been written of with mere eulogy, and the colony has been described as "the land without strikes." These treatises Henry Broadhead believes to be dangerously misleading. They have been composed by casual visitors, who looked at the system from the outside, and never once saw the real nature of the thing they professed to examine. Mr. Broadhead is differently situated. For seven years he has been the secretary of the Canterbury Employers' Association, and for three years he has sat on the Canterbury Board of Conciliation. His dealings with arbitration have therefore been many and intimate, and in his "State Regulation of Labor and Labor Disputes in New Zealand" (Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs), he has clearly stated the results of a long inquest.

What is his verdict? Briefly, that the system has had but a partial and limited success and has been largely a failure. He does justice to its few good deeds. It has made an end of strikes. So, at least, it seemed twelve months ago. A formidable strike was then legally suppressed with a decision that spoke volumes for the efficacy of the method. The triumph was, we can now perceive, short-lived. For months past another strike has been on foot, and, though the machinery of the new law was put in motion in the same manner, the strike still drags on. We may further add that, in New South Wales, the same system sits paralyzed in presence of a strike. Next, Mr. Broadhead admits that it has stopped sweating. Has it? In many industries in Sydney the worker receives only the old wages, while he signs books which show that he is receiving the wages fixed by the Court of Arbitration. The chief business of the court has been to fix a minimum wage—an attempt which, Mr. Broadhead pronounces "very unsatisfactory." We can now go still further and affirm that it has been mischievous and unjust. Since the book was published, Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, has admitted, what keen observers long ago predicted, that the minimum wage has in practice proved to be the maximum wage. As the minimum wage has commonly been made higher than the industry could afford, the masters have had to cut down the wages of the more skilled

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workmen. And Sir Joseph avows that legislation will have to repair the injustice—that is, undo its own handiwork!

Mr. Broadhead puts his finger on the most salient defect of the system by showing that it has been made an instrument for the creation of "industrial disputes," and he gives pungent examples of the way such disputes are got up. He carefully examines the effects of the working of the system. It has raised wages, but it has also raised prices, and the increase of prices, and especially of rents, has been so disproportionate that, according to the secretary of the labor department, "soon only the empty shell of an apparent prosperity will be left." The effects on trade have been serious. Several industries have been driven from New Zealand; and for some years hardly any new industries have been started. The prices of locally manufactured articles have risen, the volume of imported commodities has increased out of all proportion to the increase of the population. There is, moreover, no prospect of finality in industrial legislation. An amending bill was introduced last session, and the other day the system was completely recast in New South Wales. Factitious disputes, artificial rises of wages, consequent unreal prosperity, industrial unsettlement, and a probable collapse of the system when hard times arrive—such is the gist of Mr. Broadhead's indictment against state industrial arbitration in New Zealand.

The ambitious new series, Makers of Australasia, opens auspiciously with a work on "The Explorers of Australia," by Ernest Favenc (Whitcombe & Tombs). The author is the highest authority on all matters connected with the geography and exploration of Australia, and in a dozen different forms—endless articles in the colonial press, tales, and poems, but especially in a classical "History of Australian Exploration," published twenty years ago—he has poured forth his knowledge with a lavish hand. The new work is no mere *réchauffé* of the earlier treatise. It is supplementary and complementary. Having had access to the unpublished diaries of many of the explorers, to the private letters and memoranda of persons in all the States, and to contemporary newspapers, Mr. Favenc has been able to add a mass of details to the story he had already told. Himself a successful explorer, he has given the narrative the local coloring that could flow only from the pen of one who had personally experienced the vicissitudes of the explorer's life—its high hopes and visionary dreams, its joyful or splendid surprises, the first freshness of dawn in new scenes, and the lying down in despair to die. The work is exhaustive, because the achievement it records is complete. The vast island-continent has been thoroughly traversed. All but one of the larger explorations were carried out by government officers, or at the cost of government. The only notable exception was the heroic journey of E. J. Eyre (afterwards Governor of Jamaica, and a hero of Carlyle's) across the Great Australian Bight, and that was fruitless. Only one explorer—the unfortunate Dr. Leichardt—was in a high degree scientifically equipped, and he lacked the still more necessary qualities of bushmanship and the leadership of men. Again, all was done in the light of day. Pierre de Coubertin laments that a crowd of French explorers of Louisiana worked and died in the dark. We can follow the track of every Australian explorer save one, who was mysteriously lost in the desert. Of the rare tragedies, and no less of the useful work, Mr. Favenc tells the story with a minute accuracy never before approached, save by himself. Thus he corrects the error that attributes to Count Strzelecki the discovery of Gippsland. The value of the book is greatly augmented by fifty portraits, many of them now first published.

A small but useful treatise, "Modern Education: Its Defects and Their Remedies," by the most widely experienced and successful of New Zealand educators, Dr. Macmillan Brown, covers the whole field of education, from the primary school to the university. He denounces the system of examinations as at present conducted; he deplores the worship of "the isolated fact," to which the tyranny of examinations has led; and he condemns the "Liebigized textbooks" into which knowledge is now boiled down.

In 1830, a book with the modest title, "The New Zealanders," was published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. As it bore the name of no author, and as the society had Lord Brougham for its president, the statement was strangely made, and has often been repeated, that the "work was revised and parts written by" the versatile ex-chancellor. It is now known to have been the production of George Lillie Craik, one of the authors of that admirable collection of treatises, "The Pictorial History of England," and afterwards professor of English literature in Queen's College, Belfast. The whole book is excellent, but its main value now resides in eight chapters describing the manners and customs of the Maoris. They were in substance taken down by Craik from the mouth of John Rutherford, a runaway sailor, who escaped from an English ship touching at New Zealand and sought refuge among the Maoris. The savages made much of him and gave him two daughters of a chief in marriage. Escaping a second time, (for he grew to loathe his wild life), he got back to England, where Craik interviewed him and drew from him this extremely instructive account of a savage people. The chapters containing the record, doubtless much manipulated, have been cheaply reprinted by Whitcombe & Tombs ("John Rutherford, the White Chief") and introduced afresh by James Drummond, the biographer of Seddon. Another valuable reprint by the same publishers is "Adventure in New Zealand, from 1839 to 1844," by E. J. Wakefield, son of the eminent colony-founder, Edward Gibbon Wakefield. It abounds in matter especially interesting to the student of colonization. Believers in the origin of society by means of a "social compact" will find two striking instances in this volume. The first shaping of new communities is described by a qualified observer; the more picturesque sides of their relations with the indigenes are well illustrated, and there are pen-portraits of notable Maori chiefs. A biographical introduction is supplied by Sir Robert Stout. The chief justice of New Zealand, who was at one time its premier, takes the opportunity of sketching, in a superior manner, the establishment of parliamentary government in the colony.

J. C.

EARLY BOOKS ABOUT NEW JERSEY.

The earliest printed books relating to New Jersey are a series of small quarto tracts prepared by the Scottish and English proprietors for the purpose of encouraging emigration. Six of these tracts are known, dated from 1676 to 1685; but, as they are all extremely rare, it may be possible that others were printed though now lost. The earliest now known has the title: "A Further Account of New Jersey, In an Abstract of Letters Lately Writ from thence, By several Inhabitants there Resident. Printed in the Year 1676." Since this is called a "Further Account," it is reasonably certain that some earlier "Account" was prepared, though it may have been circulated in manuscript and never printed. The first letter in this "Further Account" is from Richard Hartshorne, who lived in Middletown, N. J. Four copies are known—two in England (in the British Museum and the Huth collection), and two in America (one in the Lenox Library, and the other, in a private library in this city).

The second publication, a similar collection of letters, has the title: "An Abstract, or Abbreviation of some Few of the Many (Later and Former) Testimonys from the Inhabitants of New Jersey, and Other Eminent Persons. Who have Wrote particularly concerning that Place. London, Printed by Thomas Milbourn, in the Year, 1681." Five copies are known—two in private libraries in this city, one in a private library in Newark, one in the John Carter Brown Library, in Providence, and one in the British Museum.

The next year, two pamphlets were printed. Of one, "Proposals by the Proprietors of East Jersey in America for the Building of a Town on Ambo Point," only a single copy is known, in the John Carter Brown Library. Of the other, "A Brief Account of the Province of East Jersey in America," there were two editions, or issues, as the two known copies differ. In the John Carter Brown Library copy, the earlier variety, the names of the proprietors are printed on a slip which is pasted down on the last leaf. The second copy, recently discovered and acquired by a private collector in this city, has the list of names printed on the title page. This pamphlet was reprinted by Smith in his "History of New Jersey," 1765. This "Brief Account" was prepared and printed in London by the English proprietors, William Penn and others. The next year, 1683, there was printed in Edinburgh, "A Brief Account of the Province of East New Jarsey in America: Published by the Scots Proprietors Having Interest there." Four copies are known—in the Lenox and John Carter Brown libraries, and in private collections in New York and Chicago. One of the two latter is the Barlow copy which Sabin thought to be the only one known.

The sixth and last of these quarto tracts is "An Advertisement Concerning the Province of East-New-Jersey in America. Published for the Information of such as are desirous to be concerned therein, or to transport themselves thereto. Edinburgh, Printed for John Reid, Anno Dom. 1685."

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Only two copies are known—one in the Lenox Library, the other in a private library in this city.

A thick, small 12mo was also issued by the Scottish proprietors in 1685. It was compiled by George Scott and printed in Edinburgh by John Reid, who printed several of the quartos. It has the title: "The Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America; And Encouragements for such as Designs to be concerned there. Published for Information of such as are desirous to be Interested in that place." There are two issues, alterations having been made on pages 37 and 38. In the earlier form intended, it is said, for circulation in Scotland, there is a passage recommending religious freedom as an inducement for emigration. This was modified in copies intended for circulation in England. The earlier form is the rarer. This book is much more common than the quarto pamphlets, some sixteen or more copies being known. A copy of the first issue brought £120 at Sotheby's in June last.

The Lenox Library has the only known copy of a folio broadside "Advertisement, To all Trades-men, Husbandmen, Servants, and others who are willing to Transport themselves unto the Province of New-East-Jersey in America, a great part of which belongs to Scots-men, Proprietors thereof."

Other rare early printed pamphlets relating to New Jersey are: "A True Account of the Dying Words of Ockanickon, an Indian King," 1682, a copy of which brought $1,450 in the Weeks sale in 1902; "The Planter's Speech to his Neighbors & Country-Men of Pennsylvania, East & West-Jersey, And to all such as have Transported themselves into New-Colonies for the sake of a quiet retired Life," by Thomas Tryon, London, 1684, of which only one copy is known in this form; and Thomas Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey in America," 1685.

Correspondence.

THE "BURNING REPORT" OF 1779.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In studying the materials in the Papers of the Continental Congress, I have traced an incident which appears to be almost unknown, and on which the records themselves are not complete. It concerns the policy of the Continental Congress in the matter of making retaliations for destruction, more or less wanton, committed by the British troops; and the suggestion of action came from Washington himself, whose horror of all the cruelty that war necessitated is to be found in his acts and correspondence. No doubt the conduct of the English and Hessians, commanded at times by men who had been closely connected with the colonies as residents or officials, was particularly exasperating. A particular instance was the issue of a proclamation to the inhabitants of Connecticut by Sir George Collier and Major-Gen. Tryon, then on a marauding expedition in that State. They breathed threats of destruction against all who should be acting under the State government, and asserted that "the existence of a single habitation on your defenceless coast ought to be a constant reproof to your ingratitude." But the attitude taken by Congress on this occasion was quite as extreme, and that position is defined by the two documents now printed for the first time.

On July 13, 1779, Washington sent to Congress the Collier proclamation with other papers relating the cruelties perpetrated by the English in their raid into Connecticut, and added: "If it is practicable, it seems to me high time to retaliate by destroying some of their towns." Six days later his letter was read in Congress, and that body was much stirred by the disclosures. The papers were first referred to the Committee of Intelligence, whose sole function was to prepare matter for publication in the press. They were also referred to a special committee of three, composed of Gouverneur Morris, William Carmichael, and William Whipple. Of these, Morris was the ablest and possessed some imagination, as well as a facile pen; Carmichael was respectable, and is best known for his service in France and Spain; and Whipple was known to be versed in shipping interests. Considering the importance of the questions involved, it was not a strong committee.

Nor did this exhaust the action of Congress. On a motion of Drayton, of South Carolina, seconded by Penn, of North Carolina, the Marine Committee was directed to take the most effectual measures to carry into execution a threat of retaliation formally made by Congress in the previous October, "by destroying the towns belonging to the enemy in Great Britain and the West Indies." This motion was adopted by a close vote, five States in favor, four against, and three divided. It is significant that the States most exposed to the enemy were either opposed to the motion (Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and North Carolina), or were divided in opinion (New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina). Morris voted against it, Carmichael for it, and Whipple's vote is not recorded.

What was the action of the Marine Committee? The evidence is to be found in a paper, without date or signature, among the Washington letters to the Congress. It was doubtless placed among them in error, for if it had been submitted to the general for his views, some mention of it would occur in his correspondence. Thomson states that it was returned to the secretary's office by the committee of three, so the letter could hardly have been sent out before that committee reported. The handwriting is the only clue to the writer, and that is of William Whipple, who was at once a member of the Marine Committee and the Committee of Three. The paper was unquestionably prepared for the former committee, but there is nothing to show that it received the endorsement of the full Marine Committee. It must have been submitted by Whipple to the special committee, and guided its action. The document is as follows:

Sir: Inclosed you have a certified Copy of a Resolution of Congress dated July 19, 1770; by which you will perceive the Marine Committee are empowered and directed by Congress to carry into Execution their Manifesto of the 30 of Octr., 1778. In pursuance of this Authority, and for the more speedy accomplishment of the Ends proposed, we authorise and most earnestly request you, to take every Measure in your power to aid and assist us in the Execution of this Business.

It is not our intentions to confine the Measures to be used on this Occasion to open and hostile operations; But on the contrary it is expected, and we wish and desire that you would cause, at the Expence of the United States, any of the Towns of Great Britain or the West Indies, secretly to be set on fire. In particular London, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh are to be considered as the first objects of national retaliatory resentment; and above all, London, the Seat of Royal Residence and vindictive rage, and the quarter from which have issued the orders for the conflagrations which have by the Enemy been lighted up in these United States.

America would have the Monarch see, that when provoked she can light up fires even at his own Doors. And in this Business it is requested, that you will use every possible Exertion. This Measure, in which so many Calamities are involved, and so contrary to the known and acknowledged Humanity with which Congress have heretofore carried on the present war, has at length become, for the sole and direct purpose of self-preservation, absolutely and indispensably necessary, from the cruel and unprecedented Manner in which our Enemies are daily carrying on the present War. Our Villages on the Sea Coasts are numerous, most of them defenceless, and all of them, with very few Exceptions, exposed and easily accessible to a naval Force, which renders them at any Time a prey to a savage and desolating Enemy.

The Towns of ——— here to fore laid in ashes, the late successful attempts in burning and destroying the Villages of Fairfield, Norwalk and Bedford in Connecticut and New York, and the unquestionable proofs Congress have received, that the Vengeance denounced against these States in the Manifesto of the British Commissioners will be executed in its fullest extent, has induced them, as the only effectual Means, to put a stop to the further destruction of our Country, to retaliate upon our Enemy by destroying, if possible, some of the most distinguished Cities in Great Britain and the West Indies.

Our Countrymen have long complained of the slow and forbearing disposition of Congress when every day announces to them the destruction of some part of their Country. To meet these Ideas, they have at length solemnly determined to revenge themselves on their Enemies, and to leave untried no exertions for carrying into execution their Manifesto of the 30 of Octr., 1778.

A few desperate [determined] Men, under the promise of handsome rewards, and well acquainted with the Situation of the large Towns in England and Scotland, will perhaps be the best instruments that can be employed for the accomplishment of this Work. We do not however wish to point out any Mode that shall be obligatory upon you; your own Judgment and observation will readily suggest to you such steps as are most likely to answer the Ends proposed.

As the avowed determination of the enemy, as set forth by the British commissioners, is to render us of as little use as possible to our ally, perhaps it would not be improper, if Capt. Jones should be in France, and his own force is inadequate, to request further aid, and attempt the destruction of some of their towns by a naval surprise.

How such a measure will accord with the sentiment of the court of France, your situation will best enable you to determine. If it should appear to you improper to communicate the matter at all to the Minister of France, you will then forbear to do it.

We cannot conclude without once more earnestly pressing upon you, the Necessity of striking some blow similar to those suggested in the resolution of Congress: The destruction of a single village would instantly convince our Enemy of the Danger to which they are exposed, and the Necessity there will be of desisting from the

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present destructive mode in carrying on the War.

It is very doubtful if the letter was ever sent to Franklin, and more than probably it was retained by the Committee of Three, and so was never laid before Congress. Dr. Hays informs me that nothing in the Franklin papers shows that he ever received it, nor can any specific instruction to the commanders of American vessels in Europe be traced to this draft. The committee of three reported August 2, and the report, embodying some of the phrases of the Marine Committee paper, was prepared by Gouverneur Morris. The Journals merely state that it was read. There are no marks on the manuscript to show that it was considered, amended, or modified. Thomson has endorsed on it the words "Burning Report," and here the matter appears to have rested. The report is as follows:

Your Committee to whom was referred Genl. Washington's Letter of the 13th July, 1779, with the Enclosures, Beg Leave to report,

The following Draft of a Letter from the Presidt. to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Versailles.

SIR: The Burning of Suffolk in Virginia, Fairfield, East Haven, Green's Farms and Norwalk in Connecticut, together with the Ravages committed in Georgia and South Carolina, form a cruel Commentary upon the Proclamation of the British Commissioners. This Proclamation was defended in their Parliament as meaning no more than that in future the War was to be carried on agt. America as agt. other Nations. It becomes therefore a common Cause of all Nations to punish a People who so daringly violate the Rights of Humanity; and it is particularly incumbent upon the United States as well to check their present Barbarities as to conform to the Manifesto published in Answer to the Proclamation above mentioned and to deter all others by striking Examples from a Breach of those Laws which are held sacred among civilized Nations. I am therefore to instruct you that you employ Incendiaries to set fire to the Capital of the British Dominions, particularly the royal Palace, and to such other Towns in Great Britain as may be most expedient. And as soon as some great Object of this sort can be accomplished, you do in a proper Manifesto avow the same as having been done by the Order of Congress, declare that they are determined at all Times to meet their Enemies in whatever Kind of War they shall chuse to carry on, whether it be of civilized or of savage Nations, and call upon all the Powers of Europe who may have formerly suffered by the Pride and Cruelty of Great Britain, who feel a just Indignation over her present Conduct, to join their Efforts in vindicating the insulted Laws of Humanity. I am, etc.

In the meantime the Committee of Foreign Affairs was so deeply involved in the unfortunate differences among its agents in Europe, that its books and papers were on the table of Congress and its activity in a state of suspense. But one of its members, James Lovell, whose capacity for mischief was measured only by his intense partisanship, wrote to Franklin, July 16, in the name of the committee:

Will no one under a commission from these United States retaliate on the coast of England for the burning of our beautiful Fairfield? A single privateer might, I think, show there a striking sample of the species of war carried on by Britain against America.

The letter reached Franklin while he was receiving news of the little American squadron under Jones, which had been sent out to intercept the Baltic convoy, and had alarmed the north coasts of England, leading to some very expensive movements of troops for their defence. A proposed descent upon England from France, under Lafayette, had been abandoned.

Congress did intend to make some lasting memento of the "barbarities" of the British, and collected on this subject some material, which seems to have been sent to Franklin, so that when the facts should be published, Europe might be impressed, and perhaps aroused. That clever man entertained two plans of publication. Coins of copper were to be made, on one side of which would be some pious, moral, prudential or economical precept (it was a contest between the Proverbs of Solomon and the maxims of Poor Richard); and on the other "good designs, drawn and engraved by the best artists in France, of all the different species of Barbarity with which the English have carried on the war in America, expressing every abominable circumstance of their Cruelty and Inhumanity, that figures can express, to make an Impression on the minds of Posterity as strong and durable as that on the copper." Four months later his plan had changed:

It is expected of me to make a school Book of them [barbarities], and to have 35 prints, designed here by good artists and engraved, each expressing one or more of the different horrid facts, to be inserted in the Book, in order to impress the minds of Children and Posterity with a deep sense of your bloody and insatiable Malice and Wickedness.

Fortunately the Burning order was not sent, the coins were not made, and the school book was not prepared.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, July 15.

TRIPLE HONORS TO PROF. HENRY JACKSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The many friends of Professor Jackson of Cambridge, England, will be glad to hear of the triple honors recently conferred on him. Among the birthday honors recently awarded by King Edward VII. is the following:

The Order of Merit.
Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood.
Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, June 26, 1908.

The King has been graciously pleased to make the following appointment to the Order of Merit:

Henry Jackson Esq., D.Litt., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge.

A few days later the new Sheffield University at its first degree congregation, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, made Dr. Jackson a Doctor of Letters (*honoris causa*).

A week later the University of Manchester gave him one of the honorary degrees voted on the nomination of the new Chancellor, Viscount Morley, on his accession to office.

W. W. GOODWIN.

Plymouth, Mass., July 14.

"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN" AND THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The statement in "News for Bibliophiles" (July 9), that "The Two Noble Kinsmen" was "included in the third folio" is incorrect, though also made by several critics and editors, including Dyce and Dr. Hudson.

The second (1664) issue of the folio of 1663 included seven spurious or doubtful plays—the other six mentioned in the *Nation* and "Pericles," the only one of the seven in which Shakespeare certainly, or even possibly, had a hand. The fact that "The Two Noble Kinsmen" was rejected by the editor of the 1664 folio is strongly against its being partly Shakespeare's. It was not included in any edition of his works before Dyce's of 1857.

By the way, Dowden, in his invaluable little "Shakspere Primer" (1877), after referring to the "seven additional plays" in the third folio, makes eight of them by printing "The History of Sir John Oldcastle; the good Lord Cobham"—the two being parts of a single title. The mistake has not been corrected—or pointed out, so far as I am aware—in the many reprints of the book for the last thirty years.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., July 13.

Notes.

The Bobbs Merrill Company is bringing out a complete and definitive edition of the "Poems of Madison Cawein." Edmund Gosse furnishes a preface in which he has words of cordial praise for the Kentucky poet.

Sir Harry Johnston announced at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, that he was about to publish a comprehensive work on the regions of the Congo. His material has been derived largely from the researches and notes of the late George Grenfell, and other members of the Baptist mission in that region, which have been placed in his hands by the secretary of the mission for analysis and publication. This accumulation of ethnographic and linguistic material will enable one to realize, he says, that "nowadays most missionaries are at the same time men of science, in one direction or another, earnestly anxious, at no profit to themselves, to place before the world as much accurate information as they can obtain concerning the countries in which they dwell."

For the Mediæval Town Series (The Macmillan Co.), D. A. Chart writes the story of "Dublin." But the history of Dublin is inseparable from the history of Ireland, as a whole, and in this compact little volume of 355 pages the reader will find omitted none of the essential facts of that tragic tale. Dublin, which figures successively as a Danish stronghold, an English outpost, a disaffected Irish subject town, and an Anglo-Irish capital, is, throughout, the heart of Ireland, racked by invaders, wasted by civil war, never genuinely reconciled to England, never likely to accept submissively the domination of the "Castle" and all that it implies. Yet, like the rest of Ireland, Dublin has always shown herself capable of assimilating and turning into patriotic Irishmen the colonists who were meant to Anglicise her. Bestowed as a present on the citizens of Bristol by Henry II., she cheerfully absorbed the crowds of

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Bristol men who came over to take possession and to develop Irish commerce, as she had already absorbed the Danes. The story of Dublin (Dubh-linn, the black pool) covers about two thousand years, for her regular chronology begins about 150 A. D. Mr. Chart moves cautiously among the legends of the tribal wars, in which Dublin was always the centre of the storm, and gives an impartial account of the long, tedious conflict with England and of those great Irish fighters and orators who "went forth to war but always fell." Meanwhile, her public buildings and streets were slowly developed, and Mr. Chart, in whom the historical interest is strongest, does not fail to give a complete account of all the monuments of the city. On the whole, it is not exhilarating reading, this story of a city that had every right to become a true capital, and has, so far, failed. Mr. Chart evidently does not look to England for the sequel that may yet transform Dublin into a centre of prosperous national life. The book is well furnished with good illustrations by Henry J. Howard, maps and an index, and is written in an admirable style.

"Dublin," in the Ancient Cities Series (E P. Dutton & Co.), by Samuel A. Ossory Fitzpatrick, is a guide book, rather than a history, though a good deal of condensed history is included. Its author evidently sympathizes with the Gaelic revival, and gives the Erse equivalents for names of places and persons. The volume is not so attractive in style or dress as Mr. Chart's, but as a guide to Dublin, old and new, it is equally exact and useful. The illustrations, by W. Curtis Green, are attractive, and an appendix furnishes a detailed itinerary for visitors. There is no modern map.

"Edinburgh," in the same series, by M. G. Williamson, is charmingly illustrated by Herbert Railton. The national records of Edinburgh have twice been destroyed by English invaders, under Edward I. and Cromwell, but there are chronicles that fix the date of the building of the castle at 989 B. C., nearly 300 years before Rome was founded. The usual claim is made as to marriage connections of Edinburgh's earliest rulers with the Trojans. The city's consecutive history begins in the fifth century A. D., and from that date the author carries down his narrative to the nineteenth century. He includes a good account of the Golden Age of Edinburgh society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the literary men of Old Edinburgh. The volume is a good, historical guide book, and contains an itinerary, but no map of the city.

"Windsor" (the Macmillan Co.) is a handsome addition to a series of books illustrating the beauties of England. There are twenty full-page colored illustrations from the paintings of George M. Henton, described by Sir Richard R. Holmes. The text is a rapid historical commentary on Windsor and its castle from the time of the Normans to the present reign. The chronicle of the lords and kings whose names are associated with this hive of memories is enlivened by well-chosen extracts from Froissart, from the poems of the unhappy Surrey, and from Evelyn, the diarist. The feature of the book, however, is the illustrations which remind one somewhat of the work of Jules Guérin in the Château country of France. The drawing is fine enough to give a clear notion of architectural detail, while at the same time the rich, subdued colors soften the outlines and poetically interpret the charm and mellow antiquity of Windsor. It is a book that will allure the artistic traveller.

If the other Latin-American countries received as much attention as Mexico, students would no longer have cause for complaint that they lack trustworthy information concerning the people and the institutions of the republics of this continent. Although Frederick Starr's "In Indian Mexico" (Chicago: Forbes & Co.) does not pretend to be anything more than a book of travel, it is the work of a keen observer, whose description of the picturesque customs of the Mexican Indians has a deeper significance than a mere collection of interesting details. Combining the qualities of a trained ethonologist with a rare sense of the picturesque, he has given us an altogether admirable book. He has performed for southern Mexico a service similar to that done by Lumholtz for the northern section of the country. His chief interest is in the Indian population; he does not, in the present work, give the scientific results of his investigations, but an account of travel and experiences during the period occupied in collecting ethnological material. Nevertheless, the book contains observations of great value to the student of primitive peoples. From no other source can one secure so clear an idea of the organization and operation of local institutions in the southern States of the Mexican republic. The numerous interesting illustrations are from photographs taken by the author.

"Mexico of the Twentieth Century" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by Percy F. Martin, although more pretentious, is in reality less valuable than Mr. Starr's book. In his two volumes he attempts to cover the entire field of history, political organization, social customs, industry, and commerce. The monographic studies of the individual States are by far the most valuable portion of the work, and constitute a real contribution to our knowledge of Mexican affairs. Students of Latin-American affairs, therefore, owe him a debt of gratitude for the painstaking care with which he has undertaken a most difficult study. The book is profusely illustrated, but the pictures are not selected with the same care as in the work of Dr. Starr.

N. Newnham-Davis's "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" (New York: Brentano's) lives up so honestly to its title that it seems almost unfair to censure it for being less delightful than it is. This, however, is the fault of the opening pages, which raise the high hope of a Continental journey in the company not only of an epicure, but a philosopher. The epicure persists with us until the end, displaying a sympathetic intimacy with the palatial resources of Scandinavia, Lusitania, the Near East, and all the Russias, that is little short of amazing. The philosopher abandons us after a while, and the greater part of our way lies through a succession of menus and national tastes that is instructive, interesting, and valuable from the practical point of view, but lacks the touch that makes literature. For instance, the author of a treatise on food who is earnest enough to declare, on page 3, that "the calf which has been fed on milk and yolk of egg, and which has flesh as soft as a kiss and as white as snow, is only to be found in Parisian restaurants," raises expectations to an exalted degree. When we are told that at Voisin's on the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris by the Germans, ordinary food then being very scarce, the bill of fare included *Consommé d'éléphant, Chameau rôti à l'anglaise and Chat flanqué des rats*, the appetite is whetted for further anecdote. Such expectations the author does not redeem in his later pages, though always, as we have said, there is the same vast detail of information offered in convenient and agreeable form. Still, the acute observation and the light jest crops up now and then. At Monte Carlo, claret wines are extraordinarily cheap because the "winners drink nothing but champagne, the losers water or whiskey and soda."

"Literary and Biographical Essays," by Charles William Pearson (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), is one of those unnecessary books which the world will willingly let die. In dealing with the larger figures, the author is cautious. He thinks that Pope had much good sense, that Macaulay was weak on the spiritual side, that Tennyson divined evolution, that Browning was a good husband, that Ruskin was not so well balanced as Shakespeare, that Lincoln and Washington were our greatest Presidents. More interesting is his judgment of Anne Bradstreet in his essay on "Early American Poetry." At Andover, Mass., one evening she drew from the Merrimac River "an inspiration worthy of Chaucer or Burns or Tennyson." Furthermore, "she is likely to be remembered and honored more and more as the centuries pass." Another striking critical dictum is this: "The Son of Man is the central figure of modern poetry." "Theodore Hook, an English dramatic poet, who lived in the early part of the last century," would be a helpful hint to an illiterate woman's club. One is a little surprised to learn that Sir Philip Sidney was a friend and patron of Shakespeare; the common report goes that Sidney was dead in 1586, about the time Shakespeare probably left Stratford. "If it be a sin to court honor, I am the most offending man alive" is misquoted by Mr. Pearson and attributed to "Percy of Northumberland." The lines were spoken by Henry V. and should read:

> But if it be a sin to covet honour
> I am the most offending soul alive.

Perhaps they will not mind such little slips in the great poetic age to come: "When our present tongues have ceased," says our author, "men in the likeness of angels as they walk by the river of the water of life and stand amid the splendors of the city of pearl and gold, will still treasure poetry."

To the expert, Edmund Dale's "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature" (*Putnams*) may be of help; chiefly as a collocation of passages, references, and allusions. But in the hands of a beginner the book will, we fear, do more harm than good; for the author is neither methodical nor adequately trained for his self-imposed task. We can put no faith in any one who mixes up indiscrim-

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inately Bede's History, the Beowulf poem, Gildas, Nennius, the Chronicle, the Judith poem, Henry of Huntingdon, *et al.* In any case, the Beowulf poem is altogether too conspicuous; it is high time to admit that the poem, though English in speech, is Danish in substance, a story of Seeland and the Island Danes told in conventional formulas handed down from a past that was misty even in the sixth century. Its allusions are still the despair of every cautious scholar. In the absence of clear data we should reject every attempt at reconstructing the mind of the Anglo-Saxon. It is conceivable that he looked with disfavor upon the stone walls and buildings left from the Roman occupation, p. 35, and preferred to build for himself wooden houses in the open; but is it probable? That the author's knowledge is at fault in very many places, we have not the space to demonstrate in full; we can give only one specimen. On page 87, Aelfric's description of the devil's personal appearance "seems undoubtedly to have come from an English picture"! As a matter of fact, Aelfric is here (Homil. i., 467, we supply the reference which our author fails to give) merely following the description given in the apocryphal Acts of St. Bartholomew (see the Edinburgh translation of the Apocrypha, p. 437). The portraiture is probably Jewish, certainly Oriental. The latter portion of the work, the Norman-Angevin-Plantagenet period, rests upon safer ground, yet is not wholly free from exaggerations and errors.

Miss Marie V. Williams's six essays on "The Platonic Theory of Knowledge, as Expounded in the Later Dialogues and Reviewed by Aristotle" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), are a thoughtful and creditable piece of work to have been produced during the "tenure of a studentship at Newnham College." Beyond this, the critic's estimate will depend on the school of Platonic interpretation to which he belongs. Miss Williams is a pupil of Henry Jackson and Mr. Archer-Hind. She endeavors, while presenting in the main their view of the Platonic metaphysics and the alleged modification of the theory of ideas in the later dialogues, to correct some of the undeniable errors that have been pointed out in their presentation, and to meet or evade the criticisms which it has called forth in the *American Journal of Philology* and elsewhere. Much reading between the lines would be required to determine how far her phrasing represents the second thoughts of her teachers, how far it is dictated by the becoming deference and gratitude of a pupil. We cannot reargue the question here, but must limit ourselves to a typical illustration of her method. She has apprehended the fact that the "Parmenides" and the "Sophist" represent the ideas as a sort of necessary Kantian postulate or precondition of conceptual thought. But instead of recognizing that this is a sufficient explanation of Plato's maintenance of the paradox in the face of the objections which were as patent to him as they can be to his critics, she infers (p. 13) that the revised Platonic doctrine is "that predication is a *sine qua non* of logical analysis, and that no transcendental explanation need be assumed." So again (p. 21) she says: "We have vindicated the right of the soul to pass judgment on any data supplied to her without the mediation of any exalted and mysterious existences called ideas." The true Platonic inference, of course, is that the transcendental basis remains a necessary postulate even if we cannot fully explain its nature.

The second volume of Prof. Sydney J. Chapman's "Work and Wages" (Longmans, Green & Co.) deals mainly with trade unions, arbitration, and workingmen's insurance. The introductory chapter, however, supplies an excellent statement of the laws of wages and profits and the effect of combination upon wages. It is in the main a hopeful picture that Professor Chapman draws. Labor organizations have accomplished much good as well as some harm; they may be useful in promoting industrial peace; and all the evidence points to a steady improvement in the condition of labor. He does not favor old-age pensions, and estimates that a pension of five shillings a week would enable only a very limited number of destitute aged persons to leave the workhouse. He favors, instead, expenditure to secure the best possible development of the young in health and intelligence. The volume contains a brief introduction by Lord Brassey, author of the work upon which Professor Chapman's is modelled.

"The Derbys of Salem, Massachusetts," by Robert E. Peabody, is noteworthy as being the college exercise of a Harvard junior of such interest that it has been published in the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute. It is "a study of eighteenth century commerce carried on by a family of typical New England merchants," the trade being largely with the West Indies. But it was not all peaceful, as appears from the statement in regard to Elias Hasket Derby that "of the 158 armed vessels fitted out from the port of Salem during the Revolution, he appears as owner, or part owner, of twenty-five, and it is safe to say that he had shares in and helped fit out twice as many more." After the battle of Lexington, the Provincial Congress employed Capt. John Derby of the schooner Quero to carry to England a document giving the American version of the affair, and he arrived before the vessel bearing Gen. Gage's official dispatches, though he sailed four days after. In 1783 Capt. Derby was at Nantes in command of the Astrea, and, learning that the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Paris, immediately set sail and was the first to bring the news of the close of the war to America. "A fortnight after Capt. Derby's arrival, Washington ordered the cessation of hostilities, and thus brought the war to a close." The Derbys now disarmed their ships and embarked in the trade with the East Indies and China, of which they were practically the founders. The conditions in New England towards the end of the war are indicated by the prices of standard commodities given in a letter written in 1780: "Pins at 1s. apiece, needles at 2s. . . . A suit of clothes which cost five guineas here [England] would cost five hundred dollars in Boston." Several portraits and pictures add to the value of this unique pamphlet.

"The True Story of Andersonville Prison," by James M. Page and M. J. Haley (New York: Neale Publishing Co.), is avowedly a defence of Major Henry Wirz. Lieutenant Page, whose military experiences the volume records, was a prisoner at Andersonville from February to October, 1864. He had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Wirz, and to have several interviews with him on matters connected with prison life and discipline; and while the unique relationship did not result in any mitigation of the narrator's own sufferings or blind him to the horrors of the place, it showed him a side of Wirz's character which many writers on this phase of the Civil War have either grossly misrepresented or completely ignored. So far as his own experience and observation go, Mr. Page feels able to deny *in toto* the oft-repeated charges of robbery, brutality, and neglect which survivors of Andersonville have lodged against Wirz; and he cites a number of acts of consideration and even kindness on the part of Wirz and his subordinates which one would fain believe were typical rather than exceptional. That Wirz was, in the main, a victim of circumstances; that the dreadful conditions in the prison were due in part to the poverty and demoralization of the Confederacy, and in part to the refusal of the Federal authorities either to exchange prisoners or to provide for the relief of Union captives; and that Wirz was hanged less because he was guilty of the offences charged than because Northern vengeance demanded a victim, are facts which records now available tend strongly to confirm; and Mr. Page's volume, though written not without obvious prejudice, adds interesting personal testimony to the same effect.

A second edition of Wilkin Updike's "History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, R. I., Including a History of Other Episcopal Churches in the State," brings before us, in much enlarged form, a useful work which was first issued in 1847 and soon became a "bibliographical rarity." D. B. Updike (who publishes the three volumes at the Merrymount Press, Boston) long had in mind to reëdit the work of his grandfather, but, being obliged to relinquish the undertaking was fortunate in getting Dr. Daniel Goodwin, sometime rector of St. Paul's Church, Wickford, Narragansett, to take up the task. Dr. Goodwin was already known as the author of a brief monograph on the "Old Narragansett Church," which will be found in Bishop Perry's "History of the American Episcopal Church" (Vol. I., pp. 595-7), and his editing of the present edition shows his eminent fitness for the work. He has preserved in its integrity the original text, and has added notes, biographical and explanatory, which have greatly increased the value of the work, and doubled its bulk. Thus of the 622 pages in Vol. I., his notes cover 314; of the 605 pages in Vol. II. his notes fill 222, and 145 comprise the records of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett, from 1718 to 1774; and of 339 pages in Vol. III., 132 pages include eleven appendices, and 207, a full Index of Proper Names, facilitating greatly the ease of reference. A further valuable addition is the fifty portraits of noted men and women connected with the church, after old paintings, representing the art of the most distinguished American painters, such as Lincoln, Swibert, St. Mémen, Copley, Blackburn, Gilbert Stuart, Feke, Malbone, Lawrence, Trumbull, Cosmo Alexander, and others.

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There are also views of noted houses. The book is a genealogical and historical repertory for the families connected with this church. The Merrymount Press is to be praised for the excellence of the typographical work.

Part vi. of the Aryan Series of "Anecdota Oxoniensia" contains the first fasciculus of Herman Ethé's edition of the text of "Yusuf und Zalikha" (New York: Henry Frowd). The critical apparatus is full, and is printed in a convenient manner in footnotes. Professor Ethé's grounds for regarding Firdausi as the author of the poem are given at length in the Proceedings of the Seventh International Congress of Orientalists (Vienna, 1888). The treatment of the text of such a work is a somewhat difficult problem. Ethé has chosen, no doubt properly, to adopt the longer form, following in the main the manuscripts B, M, and W; but he holds that "the only possible way with Persian poets to produce a readable text is to make the best selection of verses from all available MSS., provided that careful attention is paid to the individual peculiarities of the author in question." It may be a question, however, whether it would not be more satisfactory to print the best manuscript and give the variant readings in footnotes, together with such corrections as grammar and sense required. This would at least furnish a unitary instead of an eclectic text. The second fasciculus will give an index of words and phrases, variants from the copy of Sir William Jones, and a list of errata.

The fourth volume of the translation of Alexandre Dumas's "Memoirs," by E. M. Waller (Macmillan), includes the years 1830 to 1831, the Storm and Stress period of French Romanticism. Like its predecessors, this instalment treats of all the miscellaneous matters and persons that came to the writer's mind—kings, statesmen, politicians, writers, or actresses. It is, with its mass of anecdotes, a work that can be picked up and dipped into at any page.

It is to be regretted that E. F. Scott's treatise on "The Apologetic of the New Testament" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has not a more popular title, or at least one which would tend to give it general circulation. Many individuals who are repelled by theological terminology might be attracted to a study of the practical purposes the New Testament writers had in view, and an exposition of the manner and spirit in which they met the attacks which were levelled against them. Mr. Scott has conducted such a study in an able manner and presented its results in attractive style. He says:

We cannot understand the New Testament itself, without some appreciation of the controversial motives which were present in the minds of the writers. They were not secluded thinkers but men of action, who never wrote without a practical object. They addressed themselves to the immediate needs of the early church, and their acquaintance with these needs determined the form and, in large measure, the substance of their message. In the case of each of the writings we have to take account of some polemical purpose which was almost certainly in the background; and when this is understood the argument of the book begins to explain itself.

From this point of view each of the principal writings of the New Testament is examined, and the development of the lines of Christian defence traced. Mr. Scott has a subject of great interest and importance, and his volume is a worthy companion of his work on the Fourth Gospel, which is recognized as the most thorough and enlightening examination of the Johannine writings that has appeared in English in recent years.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Carter, formerly of Huntington, Long Island, has been for many years a sturdy opponent of the theology of the Westminster Confession of Faith. His agitation began when it required no small courage for a Presbyterian divine to attack the Calvinistic system, and his persistent appeals did much to bring about the revision of the Westminster standards. Although now retired from active service, Dr. Carter can not remain idle while the Presbyterian Church still requires subscription to the Confession and while so many clergymen nominally adhere to it. His brochure, "Wanted—A Theology" (The Funk & Wagnalls Co.), is a vigorous onslaught on the entire Calvinistic system, with a plea for a milder doctrine. His spirit will be evident from the following:

I want it to be well understood that I do not write the present treatise to say that the old theology has room for improvement, is not well adapted to the present time and ought to be revised and corrected, and then adopted at ordinations and councils. My purpose is very different from this; it is to express my utter abhorrence for the whole system as a system, to declare that in the light of the present day it is simply abominable, something that neither God nor man can bear any longer. It has been a dreadful burden for ages, it is an unendurable burden for this time, and should be utterly swept away with the besom of the hot indignation of the whole mass of the people.

With these vigorous sentences should be placed the following:

I am persuaded that many of my readers think that I use strong language on this subject. That is not my difficulty; rather it is of the opposite sort, that the English language was not constructed with reference to the old theology and has not expletives enough or strong enough to set forth its cruelty.

The house of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig has begun the publication of a new monthly journal, entitled *Monatshefte für den naturwissenschaftlichen Unterricht aller Schulgattungen*, edited by B. Landberg and B. Schmid. It takes the place of *Natur und Schule*, which is now no longer published.

In order to publish works of independent research in the Biblical field, the Aschendorff'scher Verlag in Münster has begun to issue two series. One is entitled Neutestamentliche Abhandlungen, edited by Prof. A. Bludau of the Catholic theological faculty in Münster, and the other, Alttestamentliche Abhandlungen, edited by Prof. J. Nikel of Breslau. The former series has just been begun by a volume, "Jesus und die Heidenmission," by Professor Meinertz; the latter will offer as its first instalment a work by Dr. Paul Heinisch, on the influence of Philo on early Christian exegesis.

The next number in the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher series (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), will be "Der Modernismus," by the young Berlin Church historian, Prof. Dr. Karl Holl.

The recently deceased Freiherr Hermann von der Goltz, a pronounced advocate of a type of Christian Socialism, had completed the first part of his "Grundlagen der christlichen Sozial-Ethik." This, his son, Eduard von der Goltz, has just published through the house of Mittler & Sohn of Berlin, and has supplemented it, from the outline sketches of the author, with a second part of a more practical nature.

Of the monumental work of Protestant scholarship, Hauck's "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), the twentieth volume has now appeared. One more volume will complete the undertaking. In the present volume leading articles are contributed by Buddensieg, Kattenbusch, Hunziker, Haussleiter, Harnack, Kirn, Mirbt, Lobstein, and Boehmer.

The house of E. J. Brill of Leyden has just issued the first instalment of the "Encyklopädie des Islams," in sixty-four two-column pages, including words from Aaron to Abd-al-Rahman. This work promises to be a monumental geographical, ethnographical and biographical dictionary of the Mohammedan races, and is published with the financial support of the International Academies of Sciences, and with the coöperation of a large corps of specialists from many lands. Prof. M. Th. Houtsma is editor-in-chief.

We can do no more here than invite attention to "Ferdinand von Richthofen's Tagebücher aus China" (2 volumes; Berlin: Dietrich Reimer), arranged and edited by E. Tiessen, with the consent of the author's widow. It was always Richthofen's plan to publish these diaries himself, but he never carried it out. His journeys lie relatively far back in time, but for that reason are perhaps to-day all the more valuable as records. Roman text is used, and there are a few sketches by the author. The style of the work is simple and clear to a degree unusual in German.

R. A. von Minckwitz has prepared for the Charles E. Merrill Co. of New York a new edition of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," basing his work on the Jubiläumsausgabe, and adorning the text with several illustrations after well-known German paintings, and a portrait of Goethe by Stieler. There is a biographical and historical introduction, a chronogical table of Goethe's life and activity, a bibliography, copious notes, and a vocabulary; but one of the best features—and one that might oftener be introduced into texts for classes—is a series of critical opinions from Boyesen, Carlyle, Kuno Francke, Lewes, Scherer, Bayard Taylor, and others.

Gustav Schüler, who already enjoys a high reputation as a lyrical and religious poet, has added materially to his fame by his latest collection, entitled "Auf den Strömen der Welt zu den Meeren Gottes" (Leipzig: Fritz Eckard). He represents the best type of modern religious feeling, divorced from the dogmatic tone of past generations. In not a few places a semi-mystical spirit pervades his compositions such as has not been witnessed in German secular poetry since the days of Novalis. The gems of the collection are found in the first two parts, "Leben und Natur," and "Liebe."

The military spirit of the German people finds expression, during these piping times of peace, in depicting the wars of the future with a characteristic vast display of

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minute erudition. There has been more than one book dealing with the inevitable war between Germany and Great Britain. The anonymous author of "Bansai" (Lemcke & Buechner) speaks as a friend of our own. How Togo destroyed Admiral Sperry's fleet in the Pacific; how Gen. Nogi overran the Pacific Coast, and demanded an indemnity of two billion dollars, with the establishment of a dual American-Japanese régime in California, Oregon, Washington, and Nevada; and how the enemy was finally overwhelmed in a Titanic battle in the Rocky Mountains the reader may learn for himself.

A specimen of the kind of nonsense likely to contribute to international prejudice is found in "Der Krieg von 1908: Um die Vorherrschaft im Stillen Meer," by John Crabapple (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York). The author, in the introduction, reviews the sending of the American fleet to the Western waters, and intimates that the American government can have but one purpose in so doing, and that is to take away from Japan her hard-earned mastery of the Pacific, which, of course, Japan will never allow without a struggle and a naval battle that will show the Yankees where they really stand. The book itself is made up of real or imaginary private letters and newspaper cablegrams and editorials from the great London dailies. There is a letter from a Dutch banker in Amsterdam, who has valuable inside information showing that the Washington government deliberately caused the recent financial panic and depression, in order to draw gold to America and to prevent Japan from raising a war loan in Europe. Telegrams tell of the initial attack of the Japanese fleet on the forts of Manila, and finally a sea-battle, which is still more vividly described by "Leutenant Smith, U. S. N."

Ciro Trabalza's "Storia della Grammatica Italiana" (Milan: Hoepli) is a work of indubitable importance. It is an account of the progress of grammatical and rhetorical studies in Italy from Dante's day to our own, and every grammarian of consequence finds his proper place in its five hundred and fifty octavo pages. But to an admirable erudition Signor Trabalza adds a grasp of fundamental principles which is at least unusual in a work of this kind. His is no mere catalogue of rhetoricians, but a philosophical study of the evolution of grammatical thought. The book is dedicated to Benedetto Croce, whose influence on historical and critical studies in Italy has been momentous. The grammarians of our own tongue still await so intelligent an historian.

Canon George Albert Cooke, formerly a fellow of Magdalen College, has been appointed Oriel professor of Holy Scripture at Oxford in place of Professor Cheyne.

Further prizes have been announced by the Académie Française. The Prix Montyon (valued at 19,500 fr.) was divided into 35 portions, among the recipients being Gen. Gallieni for his "Neuf ans à Madagascar," Louis Gentil for his "Explorations au Maroc," Pierre Baudin for "L'Alerte," and M. Denis for "Christian Garnier." Among the other awards are one-half of the Prix Juteau-Duvigneaux (1,000 fr.) to Canon L. Lenfant for "Le Cœur et ses richesses," 1,500 fr. from the Prix Sobrier-Arnould to Albert Cim for "Le Livre," the Prix Née (3,500 fr.) to the poet Charles Le Goffic, the Prix Vitet (2,500 fr.) to Georges Goyau, the Prix Kastner Boursault (2,000 fr.) to Maurice Maindron, and the Prix Maillé-Latour-Landry (1,200 fr.) to Georges d'Esparbès.

The awards have also been announced by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques: the Prix Audiffred is divided, 5,000 fr. going to Émile Bourgeois of the Sorbonne, for his "Manuel historique de politique étrangère," 2,000 fr. to Christian Pfister for his "Histoire de Nancy," and 1,000 fr. to M. Jacob for his "Devoirs." The Prix Gigner (3,800 fr.) is obtained by François Pillon for "L'Année philosophique."

A medallion of Mrs. Oliphant in gilt bronze, from a cast by Pittendrigh Macgillivray, was unveiled July 16 in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, by J. M. Barrie.

We regret to report the death, on July 20, of Louis Dyer, for many years a valued contributor to the *Nation*. He was born in Chicago in 1851, and after studying in Switzerland and France, he went to Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1874; four years later he received the bachelor's degree from Balliol, Oxford. From 1881 to 1887 he was assistant professor of Greek at Harvard and since 1890 he had lived at Oxford. He was lecturer at Balliol, 1893-6; acting professor of Greek at Cornell, 1895-6; lecturer on art at the University of California, 1900; and he repeated his lectures at many of the leading universities in this country. Among his books are: "The Greek Question and Answer" (1884), an edition of Plato's "Apology" and "Crito" (1886), "Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated" (1891), a translation of Prof. Luigi Cossa's "Introduction to the Study of Political Economy" (1895), and "Oxford as It Is" (1902). He was a contributor to the Harvard Classical Studies, and to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies;* and he represented the American subscribers on the London Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and was a member of the Council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York died at Cooperstown July 21. He was born in Schenectady in 1834; and, after studying at the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia and the Theological Seminary of Virginia, he served as rector in Greensburg, Pa.; Troy, N. Y.; Boston, and also at Grace Church in this city. In 1883 he became bishop coadjutor of New York, and in 1887 he succeeded to the bishopric. Among his writings are "Thirty Years Reviewed," "Our Threefold Victory," "Young Men's Christian Associations and Their Work," "The Church and Her Children," "Sisterhood and Deaconesses" (1873), "The Religion for To-day," "The Gates of the East" (1877), "Sermons of the City" (1881), "Waymarks" (1892), "The Scholar and the State" (1897), "The East of To-day and To-morrow" (1902), "The Industrial Situation" (1902), and "Law and Loyalty" (1903).

Ralph Olmstead Williams died at New Haven last Friday at the age of seventy. After graduating at Yale he was for some time connected with the New York publishing house of Holt & Williams. He assisted in the compilation of Webster's Dictionary, and was the author of "Our Dictionaries, and Other English Language Topics," and of "Some Questions of Good English Examined in Controversies with Dr. Fitzedward Hall."

Frederick Louis Otto Roehrig, A.M., Ph.D., M.D., a noted Oriental philologist, educator, and piano composer, died July 14 at Pasadena, Cal., in his ninetieth year. He was born in Halle, Prussia. He was a graduate of that university and of Leipzig and Paris. At one time he was Prussian attaché at Constantinople. About 1853 he came to this country and was made assistant librarian at the Astor Library in New York. He became professor of Sanskrit and modern Oriental languages at Cornell University in 1869, and in 1886 instructor of Sanskrit at the University of Southern California. In 1895 he was appointed university lecturer on Semitic languages and Oriental philology at Leland Stanford, Jr., University. He published a number of books in various languages.

The death is announced of Sir Thomas William Moffett, formerly president of Queen's College, Galway. His chief publication was "Selections from Bacon's Philosophical Works, Translated with Notes."

Dimitrios Bikelas, the Greek author, who was born in 1835, died at Athens July 21. For a considerable part of his life he had resided in Paris. He had translated the works of Shakespeare into modern Greek, and had written a number of popular patriotic hymns. His novel, "Louki Laras" (1879), has been translated into several other languages. His chief historical works are "The Greeks of the Middle Ages," "The Rôle and the Aspirations of Greece in the Eastern Question," and "Greece, Byzantine and Modern."

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The second volume of this great work shows an improvement on the first. For one thing, the repetition and overlapping, with even occasional conflict of opinion between the different contributors, which marred the earlier publication, are pleasantly absent. The proportion of recognized authorities among the contributors, too, is larger. The volume completes the treatment of the subject down to the end of the fifteenth century, including writers like Dunbar and Hawes, whose activity extended into the sixteenth. There is one conspicuous exception, however—the mediæval drama, which is reserved for treatment in "the earlier of the two volumes which will deal consecutively with the general history of the English drama from its beginnings to the closing of the theatres under the Puritan régime," and will, accordingly, be subsequent even to the volume on the Renaissance and Reformation. It is a pity that so essential a part of the literature of the Middle Ages should not find its treatment in the proper place, and, notwithstanding the apologies of the editors, this must be accounted an unfortunate arrangement of material.

The first chapter, "Piers the Plowman and its Sequence," by Prof. J. M. Manly of

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Chicago, is one which is likely to attract the most attention. It sets forth the author's well-known views as to the plural authorship of the poem or poems which have hitherto gone under the name of William Langland. Opinions will differ as to the discretion of the editors in admitting to the volume so controversial a treatment of this highly important subject, but, perhaps, the fact that they have done so will hasten the threshing out of a theory, which requires a more detailed discussion from every point of view than has yet been given before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached. Meanwhile, we confess that we do not feel convinced by Professor Manly's present observations on the style of the different versions. Not only ordinary men, but the greatest poets, as we all know, *differ remarkably in their work in different* periods of their lives, or, indeed, in the same period; and the examples of Tasso and Keats prove that even those distinguished for their art are capable of marring their best work by revision. The strongest argument in favor of the theory is undoubtedly the fact pointed out by Professor Manly, in *Modern Philology* two years ago, that the author of the B text did not observe the manifest omission or displacement of a leaf in the A text (in the description of "The Seven Deadly Sins") which he was revising.

In the chapter on Chaucer from the ever-ready hand of Prof. George Saintsbury, we have the customary sneers of this writer at philology, for which he makes amends by adopting the results of the practisers of the despised science in nearly every case. It is an error of some magnitude, nevertheless, when he speaks of Chaucer's first journey to Italy as having occupied "a great part of the twelve-month between the November of that year (1372) and the next." As a matter of fact the poet's absence from England lasted only from December to May, as appears from the "Compotus," which F. J. Mather, jr., published as far back as 1896. Seeing that there is a general agreement now as to the Chaucer canon, except in the case of the fragmentary "Romaunt of the Rose," Mr. Saintsbury devotes a disproportionate space to his account of how the spurious works once foisted upon the poet have been dropped. The principal merit of this chapter, however, lies in the vigorous criticism of Chaucer's qualities as a poet, in which respect it furnishes excellent reading. The same writer's chapter on the English Chaucerians is decidedly inferior to the corresponding one on the Scottish Chaucerians by Prof. Gregory Smith, which in amplitude of knowledge and critical skill is one of the best in the whole volume. Interesting in his earlier chapter on the Scottish language is Professor Smith's refutation of the current view as to the large indebtedness of the Middle Scots vocabulary to French.

Among the remaining chapters deserving of special attention are those on Gower by Prof. G. C. Macaulay (the recognized authority on the subject), and on early English printing by E. Gordon Duff, which deals very little, however, with the contents of the books printed; also the chapters by our countrymen, Profs. F. M. Padelford and F. B. Gummere on Transition English Song Collections and the Ballads respectively. The last-named may be recommended as the best brief treatment of this difficult subject, although the author has not, even yet, dispelled the haze which must ever hang over his theory of authorship "by the people." Miss A. D. Greenwood has given us readable chapters on the prose of the period—only in her discussion of Malory she commits the customary mistake of crediting this author with an originality in the handling of his materials which is hardly his due. The most inadequate pages in the work are those on Political and Religious Verse, from the pen of A. R. Waller, one of the general editors.

A serious deficiency in the present volume is the want of a general characterization of the period—a survey of its literary and intellectual development, as a whole, in its relation to general European development. Such a survey is indispensable to correct the unavoidable defects of the treatment by monographs.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Intoxicated Ghost. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These stories have the prim finish, the quaint self-consciousness, which belong to Professor Bates's gentle New England pen. He is the well-bred and accomplished amateur of fiction, and the *pince-nez* literature he produces is excellent in its kind; if neither markedly spontaneous nor powerful, always intelligent and pleasant. The title story is by far the most trivial in the book — rather consciously and not quite successfully Stocktonian, one would say, as "A Problem in Portraiture" is indifferently well conceived and executed after the manner of Hawthorne. Professor Bates is neither *farceur* nor mystic, but a quiet fancier of both those rare birds. The story in which he is most himself—which one is least inclined to docket as belonging to this or that familiar category—is "Miss Gaylord and Jenny," one of the best stories of "dual personality" yet written. Its special effectiveness is due to the simple and circumstantial manner in which the disconcerting fact is stated. Alice Gaylord is a decorous and rather colorless Boston girl, who is betrothed to a Dr. Carroll. She undergoes the strain of a long experience of filial nursing, and is finally released a nervous patient of the man who has hoped to marry her. She becomes a victim of self-hypnotism; and in the hypnotic state another personality gets the ascendency, a vivacious and vulgar and charming personality which calls itself Jenny, and sets itself to win away the doctor from his decorous Alice. He feels her charm, and is finally driven in self-defence to threaten her with a red-hot poker. She casts herself at his feet. "The wail of her pleading almost unmanned him. . . . The thought surged into his mind that perhaps she had as much claim to consciousness as Alice; he seemed to be murdering this strange creature kneeling to him with streaming eyes and quivering mouth." However, he stands firm to his guns, and in spite of the wiles of Jenny succeeds in marrying his proper Alice; after which it conveniently happens that Jenny is heard of no more, though in Alice's daughter she is destined to gain a sort of foothold in the flesh. To make such a story credible, as it is here made, is certainly more than a bit of literary sleight-of-hand.

The Mystery of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano's.

For sheer originality and ingenuity we reckon this the best detective story published for some time. A scientific investigator and his daughter are living in a lonely house outside of Paris. The daughter is nearly murdered in a room from which there appears to have been no mode of exit for the criminal; a young newspaper reporter, who has his friendly "Dr. Watson," solves the mystery in the face of the official detectives. As stated the plot is familiar enough, being compounded one might say of "The Murder of the Rue Morgue" and of any one of Sherlock Holmes's adventures. But the peculiar manner of sustaining the uncertainty to the end, while suspicion is thrown upon this and that person, not without hints of some mystical force of nature discovered by the scientist, is as original as it is fascinating. Not often does a detective story end with so total a surprise, which, nevertheless, when known, seems logical and natural. The writing of the book is above the average, although the translator has allowed a few gallicisms to slip in. And the characters are more than commonly interesting for the *genre*.

The Traitor's Wife. By W. H. Williamson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The traitor is a Russian who, true to no party, is known in different circles as a reliable official, a revolutionary, and a spy. His private and public betrayals of trust entwine themselves with the movements of a band of patriots, Russians and English with Russian affiliations, who are working for the cause of liberty, but are not friendly to bomb-throwing. A plot to carry off in a motor-car the Czar's little son and hold him till terms can be dictated to the Czar is worked out by them and fails of success only through the indiscreet disclosures of a woman who is playing at politics for the sake of interesting a man. Though it is the traitor who on this occasion thwarts the "Illegals," he meets his fate at their hands later when, as Governor of a province, he refuses to protect the citizens.

Into the story are cleverly woven threads of love affairs, heroism, politics, rivalries, loyalties, and treacheries. The book maintains a high level of interest throughout, not only from the swiftly moving action, but from an absence of the crude extravagance that often stamps the Russian story. Although it is published in England and makes mention of what "we English" do, there is marked internal evidence of translation.

June Jeopardy. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Romance up to date: a midsummer night's dream on Beacon Hill and environs! *La jeunesse dorée* of Boston leave a masquerade ball to meet an unknown bevy of delightful Blondes captained by the mysterious heroine Thethry. She is athirst for romance—frankly in quest of a hero who can hurry at need, whistle with expression,

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take cold-water baths, smoke with grace and precision, and receive compliments delicately. Two diamond necklaces furnish the clue. Real thieves heighten the excitement. Thethry captures her golden youth and lets the thief go. The characters are piquantly innocent yet intensely sophisticated. The author's apparent passion for old furniture, old books, curios, and gems bursts into page long ecstasies suggesting the influence of Théophile Gautier and Oscar Wilde. Here is a brief excerpt:

The colors of these gems ran the gamut from the flashing pure white of stones of the first water, downwards through scintillant canary, sombrely-glowing amber, hot-looking red-browns, sullen, rutilant stones, flaming with orange and scarlet, and upwards, through shimmering rose to the flare of gems the color of absinthe, through apple-green, pale and beaming, to the sparkling white again. Queening them all was a big velvety blue diamond so deep in blue that it was only differentiated from the sapphire by the fierceness of the peacock glints in its glistening heart.

In like manner the heroine's reading list helps one to understand the maudlin catholicity of modern romantiicsm:

My favorite poet is Omar or Herbert when it is not Chaucer or Henley or any nonsense jingles. My favorite memoirs are Cazanova and St. Augustine when it is not Brantôme or the Book of Job or Pepys. My favorite play is "Lear" or "Everyman" or "The Gay Lord Quex" or "Sister Beatrice," when it is not the latest melodrama. My favorite stories are "Tom Jones" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" when it is not "Alice in Wonderland" or any Jane Austen or the latest dime novel. Now choose from all the sides of my character if you dare.

The Cobbler. By Elma A. Travis. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The cobbler so-called of this story is son of a real cobbler, and keeps the paternal sign swinging over the paternal door long after he has begun his own unpractical career. Peter Caverly is, need we say, a genius. From childhood he has been as brilliant and irresponsible as the formula demands. He condescended to spend two years at Harvard, where, though he went his own way as usual, he "was the best coach at Cambridge, and his literary stunts made the fellows sit up and take notice." He then tried journalism for a time, but lacked the necessary habit of subordination and routine work. So he returns to his village and marries off-hand—or is married by—the daughter of the village magnate, at whose house he has been practically brought up. She is in many ways his opposite—a singularly unimaginative girl, bitten with the mania for scientific "research," by which she understands the piling up of facts. She annexes Peter as on the whole a desirable possession, returning placidly to college and the pursuit of her specialty, and leaving him thereafter pretty much to his own devices. Titolike he becomes involved in an affair with a little Bettina, his own part being mainly chivalrous, yet not altogether blameless as it must be judged by the world. She becomes mistress of a little establishment in the country, where, under her soothing influence, he is able to do much of his best writing. She is as ignorant of his work and his purposes as his wife; but she gives him the right conditions. And presently comes in his casual path a third, the daughter of "Ennis," a famous American painter of landscape. It is for her to give him everything in the way of sympathy and understanding. They love each other and nobly part for the sake of the child who has been born to Peter and his lovely scientist. In due time it befalls that the ocean separates Peter from wife, child, and noble, abnegating lady-love, and only the little farm on the Hudson, with its vineyards and its Bettina, remains to him. Suddenly, he is summoned by cable to England, and is about to make off, not knowing whether to wife or lady-love, when Bettina stabs him. Lady-love dies opportunely, and wife returns to nurse husband back to life and eventually to herself.

The story is told gracefully, and is unburdened by moralizing or flippancy. It remains to be said that, as is common in tales of the kind, the eminence of the hero seems to consist far less clearly in what he does or is than in what his creator says of him. We learn that he is the greatest writer in America, perhaps in the world, and are dumb; for no specimens of his work are adduced for proof or disproof of the statement. But when we hear of "the subtle reference, the whimsic inference, the daring paradox of Peter's brilliant talk," we have a right to a shrug of the shoulders. Surely exhibits in this kind may be given in a novel, if anywhere; and Peter's talk, like his behavior, is, so far as we are allowed to know, simply that of a good-natured, amusing, rather blundering boy. The alleged virtuoso is sadly overworked just now as hero of fiction; why not let the cheerful boy be a cheerful boy, without decking him in this absurd flummery of artistic achievement?

Studies in the History of Venice. By Horatio F. Brown. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

We welcome Mr. Brown's Venetian Studies. He has long been known as the author of delightful sketches of life on the Lagoons and of a well-articulated history of Venice. The professional students of history are also indebted to him for the Calendar of State Papers running from 1581 to 1613. The present volumes of essays round out his Venetian work and show on what an exhaustive scale he devotes himself to any topic which he takes up.

By arranging these essays in the chronological order of their subjects he produces the effect of writing an almost continuous commentary on Venetian evolution. There are, of course, gaps; but in one essay or another we find an allusion to, if not a brief account of most of the facts, elements, and personages that would appear in a complete history. The longest gap occurs between the first essay, which surveys the founding and early centuries of the city, and the second, which deals minutely with Bajamonte Tiepolo's conspiracy. Then follow an account of Marino Falier, and, again after an interval of less than fifty years, the plot and destruction of the Carraresi. Less than a generation later Carmagnola appears. Then there stretches nearly half a century before we come to Caterina Cornaro. The two remaining historical themes of primary importance are Fra Paolo Sarpi and the Spanish Conspiracy; but the essay on Cardinal Contarini and his friends—to wit, Pole and Sadoleto—introduces us to a sixteenth century by-path, seldom explored by English readers; and "An International Episode," and "Marcantonio Bragadin" give strange but typical glimpses into two very different sides of life at the same period. The "merely literary" reader will turn to the pages on Shakespeare and Venice, the historian to "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic." Besides these subjects, the commercial and fiscal policy of Venice, the Constitution and the state archives, the Venetian "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," the Venetian printing-press, political assassination, and Venetian diplomacy with Turkey in the sixteenth century, have each a separate chapter devoted to them.

We list the titles of these articles because we have not space to discuss any one of them fully; but it is right that we should call attention to the richness and variety of Mr. Brown's output. It will be seen that he discusses several of the most hotly debated points in Venetian history. His conclusions will be carefully weighed, whether they be always acquiesced in or not. A few of them we may set down here. Both Bajamonte Tiepolo and Falier he regards as men fighting for more than a personal grievance—as champions of a class. He finds that the Republic was justified in putting an end to Carmagnola's shilly-shally and in executing him. His analysis of the Spanish conspiracy, in which he shows the double-strand of plot, is the best in English. The same may be said of his Taylorian lecture on "Paolo Sarpi, the Man," into which he has packed most of the essential personal information, and has given a clear statement of Sarpi's political theory. It is to be hoped that this essay may popularize among Americans a knowledge of one of the greatest of statesmen and one of the most admirable of men. In defending Venice against the aggression of the Roman Curia, Sarpi furnished for all time arguments and an example for citizens who would preserve their state from clerical encroachment. Mr. Brown epitomizes in his paper on political assassination the results of several recent investigators: he deals not so much with concrete cases of poisoning and of other means of getting rid of an enemy, as with the underlying doctrine and the pleas by which the crime was justified.

In several of the essays we have fresh views, based on his own researches, extending now over thirty years, among the Venetian archives; in all, we have well-considered statements, controlled by familiarity with the latest or best evidence to be had. Mr. Brown has placed within reach of American and English readers a *corpus* of information full of interest, which ought to help to disperse many of the legends about Venice that romancers, melodramatists, and members of the historical section of the Ananias Club still circulate. We think it a mistake that he introduces into his text untranslated passages in Venetian or Latin; but this is a slight blemish on so valuable a work. His British readers will be gratified to find that he is on the alert for every connection between England and Venice—as when he traces the relations between the Spanish Con-

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spiracy and the expansion of English influence in the Mediterranean, or reproduces the Venetian ambassadors' accounts of Cromwell.

Which College for the Boy? Leading Types in American Education. By John Corbin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

A census of the students now attending any of our older colleges would quickly show how the question of Mr. Corbin's title is ordinarily settled in families in which the father or any other near relative is a college graduate. College loyalty ordinarily passes from generation to generation with comparatively few breaks, and these few are mostly due to other causes than a positive preference for another institution. Even families with no previous college history are more likely to select the institution patronized by some personal friend than to base their choice upon any comparison that goes much deeper than the one matter of expense. Such a study as this of Mr. Corbin, therefore, has no chance of taking place as a handbook for the actual settlement of the question which its title raises. Its influence will be rather upon the colleges themselves than upon prospective students. The reader may easily imagine that since the publication of Mr. Corbin's work, one of the institutions considered is taking quiet measures to lessen the place of the beer saloon in the social life of its undergraduates, that another is casting about for means to season its strenuous utilitarianism with a fuller recognition of the essential value of cultural studies, and that some of the better "small colleges" are seriously debating the propriety of exorcising altogether the devil of desire to become great universities and are devoting themselves to the consistent development of the ideals which they advertise.

It is a notable fact that with all Mr. Corbin's preference for the humanistic type of education, the one chapter in his book which the authorities of the institution studied could circulate with confidence as an advertising document is his description of "a Utilitarian University," the term by which he characterizes the University of Wisconsin. Here more than in any other chapter the writer is roused to a genuine enthusiasm, in spite of his preference for a radically different kind of education. He finds the community at Madison more single-minded in devotion to the ideals which it has chosen than is the case with some institutions which, ostensibly at least, have chosen the better part. Is it not possible that the earnestness in the work in hand so characteristic of the University of Wisconsin is distinctly favored by its very lack of that organized "social development" upon the alleged necessity of which Mr. Corbin is continually laying so much stress? A few students are so richly endowed with energy and ability as to be leaders in the highly developed *extra curriculum* activities of college life without any disastrous drafts upon the strength and freshness which should go into serious study, but the rule is the other way. The current student quip, "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education," is a jest which is only too painfully serious. If the students at Madison have been so keenly interested in its utilitarian ideals that they have neglected to build up a social system complex enough to tempt to mental and physical distraction, possibly they deserve no commiseration. Humanistic culture might not suffer if some of the institutions in which it is supposed to stand highest were to get as busy with Plato and Sophocles, Cicero and Tacitus, Dante and Goethe and Montaigne, as the Madison boys with their implements of applied science.

Through the Magic Door. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: The McClure Co. $1.25 net.

Persons who buy this book under the impression that it is an addition to the stirring tales of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will want their money back. The magic door is that which admits us to the world of literature, and the book is an account of Sir Arthur's reactions to the marvels of that world. Students of his works will perhaps hardly credit him with the qualities that make a critic, and it is fair to say that he lays no claim to such qualities; the present book is merely a rambling account of what he likes and what he does not like. One would perhaps guess in advance that what he wants from literature will be mainly supplied by prose. Two or three pages of admiration for the verse of Scott and of Macaulay, a passage in praise of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and another in praise of Henley's poems constitute his entire tribute to the muse of poetry. As he takes issue with Matthew Arnold on a question of poetic diction, it is interesting to note what his own ear can do for him when he cites with enthusiasm the following lines, admitting that they may not be quite right:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small,
> For the dear Lord who fashioned him
> He knows and loveth all.

In prose Macaulay is his ideal. Nothing is too strong for him. "A universal shout of laughter from the Tagus to the Vistula informed the Pope that the days of the crusades were past," is one of the sentences that "used to fill me with a vague but enduring pleasure, like chords which linger in the musician's ear." Scott is the subject of some rather interesting technical remarks, but Sir Arthur's idolatry does not balk even at "Count Robert of Paris": "if it had been the first," he says, "instead of the last, of the series, it would have attracted as much attention as Waverley." He has the courage to resent the superstitious reverence for Johnson that Boswell has foisted upon the world: he enjoys Gibbon, swallowing him whole; he is great upon "Pugilistica" and the literature of the ring in general; he hails Poe as the master of tellers of tales, and most modestly acknowledges his own debt to him; he does not care for Nathaniel Hawthorne, preferring "the short work of his son Julian"; he praises "The Cloister and the Hearth" "as being our greatest historical novel, and, indeed, as being our greatest novel of any sort"; "Vanity Fair" is the second, and "Richard Feverel" the third; he reads with gusto the French chroniclers, the Napoleonic memoirs, and the "Conquest of Grenada" (*sic*).

In general, Sir Arthur likes books for their subject matter. Wars and high affairs, stirring matters of all sorts, and great emotions he loves as does a boy. And as far as the question of style affects him at all, his taste is all for rhetoric, as is a boy's. It may easily happen that many a boy, already under his influence, may be led by this book through the magic door. He has a piece of practical advice specially commendable to young readers:

> It is an excellent device to talk about what you have recently read. Rather hard upon your audience, you may say; but without wishing to be personal, I dare bet it is more interesting than your usual small talk.

Science.

Psychical Research and the Resurrection. By James H. Hyslop. Pp. 409. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

The reader who in opening this book hopes to discover some positive deductions relating to the nature of a future life will surely close it with disappointment. A large part of the book is given up to such discussion of cases as is familiar to those who see the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; and this leads the author to an attempt to explain why we gain practically no knowledge at all of anything non-terrestrial through the mediums, or "psychics," as they now call themselves.

Nor do we find this discussion of cases in itself very satisfactory, for we are asked to trust not only the writer, but every word of every person whom he trusts. The suggestion of conscious fraud on the part of his "psychics" he declines to entertain, and thus far we may well go with him; but when we consider the frequency of self-sophistication, and the constant occurrence of illusions of memory, of which the author takes little or no account, we find it impossible to persuade ourselves that we can trust his own critical judgment. Even in the record of cases we thus see the influence of the full acceptance of the spiritistic hypothesis—an influence that pervades the book, and makes it read like a volume of special pleading, rather than of scientific investigation. It is true that Dr Hyslop emphasizes almost ostentatiously the importance of assuming a scientific attitude toward the investigations referred to; but on the whole the impression left with the reader is that the "assertatory method" is indulged in too frequently, while the explanatory hypotheses presented are too far-fetched to be easily accepted. The words of scorn heaped upon the telepathic theory (p. 305) may with little change be applied to the author's spiritistic hypothesis as well.

It is, of course, to be granted that certain people experience mental states which suggest that they are affected by influences of a "discarnate" nature; and it is true that these occurrences are at present inexplicable in terms of our normal experience. But, when we search for explanation of these peculiar phenomena, we seem scarcely called upon to hark back to the animistic theories of early man. Many experiences, which only a generation ago were ascribed to spirit influence, are now explained, even by such ardent believers in spiritism as our author, in terms which

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bring them into relation with our every-day psychology—such phenomena, for instance, as automatic writing, the voices and visions of hallucination, and the evidences of dissociated personalities with which men like Pierre Janet and Morton Prince have made us familiar. Naturally, then, the devotees of science assume that the kindred experiences recorded in this work will probably also some day find their adequate explanation without the adoption of any such highly complicated hypothesis as that presented by our author, who in this direction has developed the conception of the late Richard Hodgson. In the old days the "messages" which were supposed to come from the spirit world had as a whole fairly clear meanings for the enquirer. But modern investigation has shown, to the satisfaction of our author at least, that most of these so-called messages are really expressions of mental states of either the medium or the enquirer; and, if we eliminate these, we find that we have at the same time eliminated almost all those that are intelligible, or indicative of intelligence in the "spirit." The "spiritist" is therefore confronted with the fact that the "messages" upon which he relies for proof of the spirit world are exceedingly confused and trivial. It would surely seem rational to assume that these confused and trivial messages will some day be explained, as the more intelligible ones have been, as expressions of the mental states of medium or enquirer. Our "spiritist," however, will listen to no such cautious suggestion. He meets the problem by making the assumption that the true "messages" get through to us from the other world with much difficulty, and can come only from a spirit which in its own realm has entered into a state comparable with our own hypnotic state. This, in his opinion, accounts for the confusion in the messages. That they should deal with trivialities is held to be natural, inasmuch as the spirit plunges into the "suffocating atmosphere" where communication is possible, for the sole purpose of convincing us of his identity with some person who has died. Now it is interesting to note that this longing to prove identity, which is attributed to the "spirit," is the strong desire of the enquirer. Naturally, therefore, the more clearly men have come to think upon these subjects, the closer has appeared the relation of the messages to the medium and to the enquirer, rather than to the supposed spirit. This would naturally lead us to look for the explanation of these mysterious phenomena in a more careful study of the living human minds of the medium and of the enquirer; for it seems much more probable that light will be thrown in this way upon the problems set by mediumistic phenomena than by the adoption of any spiritistic hypothesis that is likely to be presented.

A full treatise on "The Fresh-Water Aquarium and Its Inhabitants," by Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg, is to come from Henry Holt & Co. It will contain one hundred illustrations, chiefly from photographs.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces a book on the "Animal Life of Malaysia," by J. Frank Daniels of Johns Hopkins University. This is a complete descriptive zoölogy for the Philippines, Java, Sumatra, and the other islands of that part of the world.

One can find hardly any excuse for George F. Burba's "Our Bird Friends" (Outing Publishing Company), which professes to contain "many things young folks ought to know—and likewise grown-ups," but which is here noticed solely because it is a type of the poorest and most colorless nature books that could well be imagined. The illustrations so offend the artistic sense, the diction is so flippant and uninteresting, and the facts are thrown together in such a purposeless, haphazard way as to repel the reader of any age. A score of unconnected chapters treating of our common birds, have been bound up together with ten colored illustrations of stuffed birds, so out of proportion to the book that only one-quarter of an inch margin is visible. Last and not least, many of the author's "things" are not known to any one, ornithologist or amateur. For instance, on page 56 we are told that chimney swifts are swallows, that they fasten together their nests with peach-tree "gum," and that their eggs have reddish-brown spots—all of which is untrue.

"Gold Producing Soil: French Gardening, or Intensive Cultivation on the French System" is the title of an interesting little volume just prepared by T. Newsome, A. R. C. Sc., of Dudbridge, Stroud. Mr. Newsome believes that much of the salvation of society depends on a movement "back to the land," and he has tried to prepare a handy guide, equipped with diagrams and working drawings made to a scale. He tells in simple English what a French garden is, and how it is made, giving also a history of French gardens in England, and he points out when, where, and how to begin in the making and arranging of frames, etc. The spirit of the book is admirable—to encourage everybody, even those with little capital, to make a trial of the ground. There are good half-tone engravings of specimen gardens.

The death is announced of Dr. Frank Kraft, a well-known physician of Cleveland, professor of materia medica in the Cleveland Homœopathic Hospital, and editor of the *American Physician*.

The death is announced of James Lidderdale Scott, at the age of sixty. During the last fifteen years he had lived at Shanghai, and had there made observations of some value on southern double stars.

From Paris comes the news of the death of Louis Cruls, director of the observatory established by Pedro II. at Rio de Janeiro in 1845. Dr. Cruls was born at Diest, in South Brabant, in 1848. His career included services in the Engineering Corps of the Belgian army, and a good deal of travelling.

Prof. Oskar Liebreich, director of the Pharmacological Institute of Berlin, has died in that city at the age of sixty-nine. Fame came to him in 1869, with the discovery of the value of hydrate of chloral as a narcotic. He was the author of numerous works and editor of the *Therapeutische Monatshefte*.

Drama.

Charles Crawford is said to have finished his "Concordance to Marlowe" and to be well along with his "Concordance to Ben Jonson's Works." His "Concordance to Kyd," which has already been five years in the hands of his Belgian printers, will not be completed for another year.

The *Mask*, the new "monthly journal of the art of the theatre"—of which a double number for May and June has now reached this city from the publication office in Florence—differs widely from the mass of contemporary theatrical periodicals, inasmuch as it is honestly and independently artistic in aim and is the advocate of original and interesting if not always practicable or, to the uninitiated, wholly intelligible ideas. It commends itself to the fastidious reader by the attractiveness of its form, but unhappily the editing and proofreading are not always of high quality. Misprints are frequent and the essays might have been much improved by the judicious use of a corrective pencil. The most important of them are devoted to the well-known views of Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, concerning the possibilities of theatrical art, both scenic and histrionic, in the future. Many of these views are too visionary, or, in their present state too rudimentary to be of immediate importance, but they are artistic in aim and principle, suggest remedies for many conventional stage absurdities, and, with all their vague and rhapsodical idealism, evince a mastery of technical details, a definiteness of purpose and sturdiness of conviction which encourage the hope that they may result some day in substantial achievement. Mr. Craig has already given proof of his ability in the creation of impressive and eloquent stage pictures by his skilful use of the modern facilities for lighting, boldness and simplicity of scenic design, artistic employment of drapery, and appropriate color schemes, and, it is in this direction that his labors are likely to prove most productive. But his opinions on the drama itself and on acting are apt to be erratic. He seems to think that the spoken word, the play itself, is an affair of the smallest consequence, almost negligible in fact, in comparison with the symbolism of the background before which it is enacted and the gestures and movements of the actors, which are to be in exact and orderly harmony with their surroundings.

Those who believe there is a golden mean between a modernized version and a facsimile reproduction will be pleased with the recent addition to the "Old Spelling Shakespeare" (New York: Duffield & Co.), edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell Stone. We have already commented upon the earlier issues; the newly published plays are: "The Comedie of Errors," "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Twelfth Night." It is needless to say that the painstaking accuracy of the previous work is sustained in these later volumes. Possibly exception might be taken to the categorical assertion that the "metrical evidence" proves that "The Errors" follows "Love's Labor's Lost." Though there is no

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good reason for disputing this order, when a conspiracy of evidence—of which plot-complication is not the least weighty element—points in the same direction, it is well not to bear too heavily on the metrical tests. The boldest feature of the editing is the printing in larger type of those portions of the "Taming of the Shrew," which the editors believed could be distinguished as Shakespeare's. To the problem of differentiating "author," "recaster," and "amender" there is an eternal zest for the student, but never any definitive solution.

Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" was, on the occasion of its appearance, nearly forty years ago, the subject of much debate. To restudy the merits of Taylor as a translator, his theory of translation, his qualifications, the numerous and discordant criticisms passed upon his work—in short, to restate the whole question in the light of present scholarship,—is the purport of Mrs. Juliana Haskell's doctoral dissertation: "Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust" (Columbia University Press). The dissertation certainly evinces much industry and patience in getting together half-forgotten data, and fairness in applying general principles. The author's conclusion, page 89, is that Taylor's "Faust" is not an adequate translation, not a "standard" rendering, not worthy of the esteem in which it is held by many Germans. With this conclusion we are not going to quarrel; we will content ourselves with a few comments. To begin with, Mrs. Haskell's argumentation suggests too much the geometrician's Q. E. D. In the next place, she has not always escaped the error of gauging 1870 by the condition of 1907. Some of her criticisms would have been tempered, at least, had she been always mindful of the fact that Taylor worked before there was a Goethe cult, even in Germany, before there was a Goethe Society, a Jahrbuch, a Weimar edition. In the '60s there was only a *stille Gemeinde* and even that was probably unknown to him. Further, her testimonies are sometimes *numeranda* rather than *ponderanda*. Lastly, she herself works occasionally with inferior tools. Is not the use of the great "Oxford Dictionary" prescribed on the Morningside Heights? A glance at Craigie's treatment of the adjective "real" would have prevented the stricture (p. 46) upon Taylor's dissyllabic pronunciation. Taylor's "grows real and undying" is matched by Shakespeare's "Is't real that I see?" Milton's "real eclipse," Pope's "A real bull." The "Century Dictionary" seems to be our critic's standard (see pp. 70, 71), yet the "Century" does not reduce real to a monosyllable. We might add the caution not to take critics at their self-valuation. Thus, when the *Athenæum* (p. 69) called "repentance-sentence," "harden-pardon" Cockney rhymes, it uttered sheer pedantry; the *Athenæum* writer, like every Englishman, pronounced all four terminations with the same obscure vowel sound. Still, despite occasional shortcomings, Mrs. Haskell's monograph will be a valuable, we might say, an indispensable, guide to the "Faust" student.

The new play which Jerome K. Jerome has written for Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, and which will be produced by them in the London St. James's Theatre on September 1, is said to be founded upon one of his short stories, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was first published some years ago. It dealt with the arrival of a stranger in a Bloomsbury lodging house, and the effect which it had upon the character and fortunes of the other inmates of the establishment. Mr. Robertson will be the stranger, and for Miss Elliott there is said to be a striking and novel part, which, however, is not that of the heroine, for which Alice Crawford has been engaged.

In a speech before the curtain on the last night of his London season, George Alexander announced that A. W. Pinero is at work upon another new play for the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Alexander's first production in the autumn, however, will be a new piece by Alfred Sutro, which will be followed by revivals of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Old Heidelberg." Later there will be new plays by Hubert Henry Davies and Haddon Chambers.

The future of the London Court Theatre seems to have been settled for some time to come. A lease of it has been acquired by Miss Mouillot, whose ambition is to produce plays with some more artistic recommendation than their mere commercial quality. She has entered into an engagement with Herbert Swears, of the Pioneers, who will undertake to give six performances—three afternoon and three evening—every week for forty weeks in each year. At other times the theatre will be devoted to musical, miscellaneous, and amateur performances. The work of the Pioneers, hitherto, has exhibited rather more zeal than discretion, but their announced intention to follow and improve upon the example set by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will awaken the sympathetic interest of intelligent playgoers. There ought to be an audience in London for one literary and artistic theatre and doubtless there is, but unfortunately the promoters of such enterprises in the past have often been unable to discriminate between that which is really significant, imaginative, or dramatic, and that which is merely sensational, eccentric, or unclean.

The Irish Stage Society, an amateur association—which must not be confounded with the company of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin identified with W. B. Yeats and others—has been giving some performances at the Court Theatre in London with only moderate success.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

The appearance of a new volume of the revised version of Grove's "Dictionary" is an event in the musical world, for no similar work is so elaborate and so much up-to-date. The fourth volume begins with Quadrille and ends with Marie Szymanowska, the Polish pianist whom Goethe praised so highly, while Mendelssohn suspected that he did so less because of her playing than because of her pretty face. A large proportion of this volume is taken up by four articles: Grove's "Schubert," Spitta's "Schumann," Mrs. Wodehouse's "Song" and Hubert Parry's "Symphony," each of which is long enough to constitute a volume by itself—and admirable volumes they would make. Grove's "Schubert" is still the best biography of that master in any language—the work of a scholarly enthusiast. Some additions to it have been made by W. H. Hadow, particularly in the bibliography, which, however, is still incomplete. That the writings of John Fiske, Elson, and other Americans are ignored is not strange, for "Grove" is not partial to Americans; but mention should certainly have been made of the books of Niggli and Heuberger, which contain much that is new. It is also to be regretted that Grove's catalogue of Schubert's compositions, which in the first edition took up several pages, has been omitted. To be sure, in the matter of completeness it has been superseded by the table of contents of the definitive edition of Schubert's works, issued by Breitkopf & Härtel, but Grove's list might have easily been corrected and supplemented by this German list. The omission of the Schubert catalogue, including over 1,100 works, most of which are alive, is the more surprising in view of the fact that nearly three columns are devoted to a catalogue of Raff's works, nearly all of which have, as the editor correctly remarks, passed "into an oblivion which cannot excite surprise in those who realize the inherent weaknesses of the composer."

A lack of balance has always been the chief defect of Grove. It is really preposterous to assign thirty-three columns to Spontini, a noisy and obsolete eclectic, who played no vital part in the history of music, while disposing of Saint-Saëns in less than four columns. Besides being too short, this latter article is unjust. The remark that his "creative faculty does not keep pace with the technical skill of the workman," may apply to the works of his old age, but all in all, there are only two Frenchmen, Bizet and Gounod, who are as fertile as he in new ideas; and in musical scholarship and command of form he approaches the greatest German masters nearer than any other Frenchmen. No mention is made, except in the list of his works, of the four picturesque and fascinating orchestral works which introduced into France the new form created by Liszt, the symphonic poem. What is more surprising still is the manner in which "Symphonic Poem" is treated. The symphonic poem—or tone poem, as some prefer to call it—has practically superseded the symphony in the musical workshops of all countries. It is the most important of the musical forms of our time, as the symphony was of the greater part of the nineteenth century, and the fugue in the day of Bach and Handel. Yet this fact the editor does not state, and the whole subject, which clamors for discussion from several points of view, is disposed of in less than half a column, while three columns are devoted to a long-forgotten English colorature singer, Ann Storace, and her brother, Stephen, a minor composer, concerning whose gout and stomach troubles full and authentic details are supplied.

In the article on Song, the bibliography is again incomplete, especially on the

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American side. Ignorance of America, said Charles Dudley Warner, is one of the branches taught in English schools; but why display this ignorance so conspicuously in a lexicon intended for the American market quite as much as for the English? This ignorance extends to all sorts of details; in the article on Sembrich, for instance, it is stated that "of late her career, both in opera and concerts, has been divided between Austria and the United States." As a matter of fact, she has sung hardly anywhere except in this country. A picture of Sembrich is included in this volume, and three other singers, Sontag, Schröder-Devrient, and Rubini, are similarly honored.

The composers represented by pictures as well as articles are Schubert, Raff, Rameau (who, though he died in 1764, is the hero of the hour in Paris), Reinecke, Reyer, Rimsky-Korsakoff (recently deceased), Rossini, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Salieri, Scarlatti, Schumann, Smetana, Spohr, Spontini, and Richard Strauss. The article on Strauss is by the editor himself, who is by no means an admirer of that composer. We fully endorse his diagnosis of that composer's attitude, summed up in these words:

For the present it would seem as if the composer's wish to startle the frequenters of concerts were in abeyance, and he has turned his attention to the possibly harder work of shocking Continental operagoers. As his forthcoming opera, "Elektra," has been stated, on good authority, to contain points that will offend, or at least surprise, the most hardened admirers of "Salome," there is no injustice in mentioning this, as the primary object of the compositions.

Yet we cannot but think that it would have been better if Mr. Maitland had followed Grove's example of putting the articles on prominent composers in the hands of an admirer in each case. However, Strauss—and his rival, Max Reger—are setting such a bad example in making audacity—dissonantal and other—their principal object, that they deserve all the chastisement that comes their way.

The fact that conductors have become quite as important as composers and singers is not recognized in the new "Grove." Four of the most prominent musicians of our epoch—Hans Richter, Seidl, Schuch, and Sucher—are included in Vol. IV., but of these only the first named is treated in anything like an adequate manner. Seidl, who did for America in the cause of Wagner what Richter did for Austria and Germany, deserves more than a scant twenty-nine lines, without even reference to the magnificent and valuable volume on him written by prominent artists and authors. Since it is merely an American book, one could of course hardly expect mention of it; but the writer of this article, Carl Armbruster, is a lecturer on Wagner, who cannot be excused for remarking regarding the splendidly successful performances of the Nibelung dramas given under Seidl when they were new, in many European cities, that "the great music-drama was reproduced in a sadly mutilated condition." It was reproduced, as a matter of fact, exactly as Wagner wanted it to be done, as is shown in a letter, in which he said:

I myself, guided by common sense, was the first to indicate cuts for the regular theatrical performances; quite recently I did so for the "Götterdämmerung." Seidl knows them and I believe Richter does, too. . . . It is absurd to demand of the operagoers in a city who want to be entertained, exertions such as I endeavored to alleviate by the arrangements I specially devised for my Bayreuth festivals.

Poldoni, who has been known chiefly through some charming short pieces for the piano, has written an opera. After its first production at Breslau recently it was at once accepted for Vienna and Leipzig, and other cities are negotiating with the composer. The title is "The Vagabond and the Princess"; it is based on an Andersen tale, and the librettist is A. F. Seligman.

Busoni has completed an opera—his first—based on one of Poe's poems. He wrote the libretto himself.

The statement made a few months ago that Paderewski had accepted the post of director of the Warsaw Conservatory is now said to be incorrect. He has not yet accepted the offer; but if a subvention be granted, and a suitable edifice erected in place of the present one, he may take charge of the Warsaw institution.

William Mason, pianist and teacher of music, died last week in New York at the age of eighty. He was the third son of Dr. Lowell Mason, one of the first Americans to gain a reputation in the musical world, and showed early a bent toward his father's career. After studying in Boston and making his first public appearance there in a symphony concert in 1846, he went to Europe, where he studied under Moscheles, Moritz, Hauptmann, E. F. Richter, Alexander Dreyschock, and finally under Liszt. He made a concert trip through Europe in 1853, later returning to this country, and in 1885, in connection with Theodore Thomas, Carl Bergmann, Joseph Mosenthal, and George Matzka, organized the Mason and Thomas performances of chamber music. Subsequently he devoted himself more particularly to teaching, and wrote a number of works along those lines, including "Touch and Technics: Memories of a Musical Life." He also wrote numerous compositions for the piano. In 1872 he was awarded the degree of doctor of music by Yale University.

Art.

The Loeb Collection of Arretine Pottery. Catalogued with introduction and descriptive notes by George H. Chase. New York: Privately printed.

Considering the importance of Arretine vases, not only from an archæological point of view, as being the best products of the Roman potters, but also from a purely artistic point of view, it is astonishing how little of the material at our command has as yet been published. The large number of Arretine vases found during the last century at Arezzo, and now for the greater part placed in the Museo Pubblico there, are unknown except by the few who have visited that museum. The smaller collections of Arretine ware in other museums are also almost wholly undescribed. The present publication, therefore, of a fairly representative collection of moulds and fragments will be welcomed by all archæologists. And the artistic appearance of the book, with its good paper, beautiful print, and twenty-three plates, makes the work attractive to others than students.

Most of the Loeb collection, which is placed in the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard, was bought in Rome in 1904. There are in all 589 numbers. The catalogue proper, in which each piece is described in detail, is preceded by an introductory chapter on Arretine pottery. The history of the town of Arretium is briefly given. Passages from ancient writers are enumerated which show that Arretine ware enjoyed considerable popularity—a fact confirmed by excavations, since this pottery was found not only throughout Italy, but also in Gaul, Spain, and Africa, and was moreover extensively imitated throughout the Roman empire. The author also gives us records of the first discoveries, a useful discussion of the technique of the vases, a description of their decorations, and a list of the names and inscriptions occurring on them. In short, all the many and varied points of interest called forth by a study of Arretine ware are touched upon. But there are no original expositions; our present knowledge of the subject is simply compiled and represented in a clear and matter-of-fact manner.

The author divides his material into five classes. The first includes mould-made vases, in which the principal decoration consists of a frieze of single figures or groups of figures; the second, mould-made vases decorated chiefly with floral and vegetable patterns; the third, unmoulded vases, either plain, or decorated with separately modelled reliefs; the fourth, handles and single separately-modelled reliefs from moulded or unmoulded vases; the fifth, miscellaneous fragments. This division of the material into five distinct classes, of which one consists chiefly of handles, and another of miscellaneous fragments, cannot be called fortunate. It is rather confusing to the reader, who from this five-fold division naturally looks for five separate classes of vases, each with distinguishing characteristics. It would have been better to make classes four and five sub-divisions. The descriptions of the individual pieces are full and clear.

In the early autumn Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish a book on "How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf, curator of the Print Department of the New York Library; and an elaborately illustrated volume by Elizabeth Luther Cary called "Artists Past and Present."

Bernhard Sickert's "Whistler," in The Popular Library of Art (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is well worthy of the excellent series to which it belongs. Mr. Sickert writes of the art of Whistler with great enthusiasm, but also with much discrimination. With Whistler the writer he disagrees entirely, and his reasons for this disagreement are convincingly put. Particularly illuminating is his analysis of the radical difference, in aim and method, between Whistler and the impressionists, properly so called, such as Monet. The conclusion is:

It is not sufficient to say that Whistler is the greater artist, we must say that Monet is not an artist at all. Science is the goddess that claims him and not art.

Taken by itself, this is, of course, an over-

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statement; but it embodies an essential truth. The book ends with a tentative catalogue of oil pictures, which should prove a useful beginning. A great difficulty in its compilation has been Whistler's carelessness in changing the title of a work from time to time, and in repeating the same title for different works, so that his Nocturnes and Arrangements become almost inextricably confused. It is interesting to learn that Whistler himself could not always distinguish, any better than can we, between black and gold and blue and gold, or between blue and gold and blue and silver.

The latest issue to reach us of the Knackfuss Monographs (imported by Lemcke & Beuchner) is "Joshua Reynolds," by Max Osborn. It contains the wealth of indifferently executed illustrations common to the series and is worth having as a kind of memorandum of Reynolds's works. More of Reynolds's drawings are here given than are usually reproduced, serving to make plainer the weakness as a draftsman, which is partly hidden by qualities of color and handling in his paintings. It is not only in the drawing of the figure that he is weak —even his heads are ill constructed and formless when he handles the point rather than the brush.

Diligent research and an excellent method of analyzing the material accumulated give "La Scultura del Trecento in Roma" (Società Tipografico. Editrice Nazionale, Turin), by Laura Filippini, an honorable place among recent works on the history of Italian art. This monograph covers the years when the younger Cosmati family and their followers were working under the Tuscan influences introduced by Arnolfo di Cambio. Then, it traces the conditions during a long period of apparent inactivity after the papal court had abandoned the city for Avignon, when churches like St. John Lateran and St. Peter's fell a prey to the flames or to neglect. Finally, it describes the awakening of ecclesiastical art during the last part of the century, after the reëstablishment of the papacy at Rome and the return of sculptors who must have studied the work of contemporary Pisan and Florentine masters in Tuscany or elsewhere, and who are represented by the Salvati family and their coworkers. Less interesting than periods of more brilliant achievement, this field had been almost wholly neglected. The forms of art treated are statues of saints, ciboria, portals, and monumental tombs found in the older churches of the city. The works of a dozen Roman artists are identified, and once or twice these workers are followed outside the city to Terarmo in the Abruzzi, to Orvieto, Venice, or Genoa The literature of the subject has been critically scanned and tested by a careful examination of originals, and even of fragments which had been neglected by previous students. The conclusions adopted are often supported by records found among the unpublished archives of churches and monasteries. There are forty-four process reproductions of photographs, a full bibliography, and indexes to the monuments studied and to the contents of chapters.

At Christie's, July 3, the following pictures were sold from the collection of "a gentleman in Scotland," and other unnamed sources: Constable, The Valley Farm, £651. Millais, Cuckoo, £861; Portrait of a Lady in brown dress, £525. Sir W. Q. Orchardson, The Queen of the Swords, £714. J. Phillip, The Gypsy's Toilet, £546. Wilkie, The Bride at Her Toilet, £945. J. S. Cotman, Homeward Bound, £819. Gainsborough, Gen. James Wolfe, £1,890; Watering Horses at a Trough, £420; Mrs. Dorothea Scrivener, £210. Lawrence, Catherine Pakenham, £252; Miss Storr of Blackheath, £210. Morland, A Group of Peasants before the Door of an Inn, £1,837; A Farmyard, £315. Raeburn, Mrs. Mackenzie of Drumtochty, £4,725; Mrs. Hay, £3,360; Capt. Robert Hay, £682; Mrs. Balfour, £273; Alan Grant, £210; Portrait of Young Boy, £630; Mrs. Adams, £210; Col. Robert Macdonald, £399. Reynolds, Portrait of a Lady in white and gold dress. £2,100; The Laughing Girl, £504; Portrait of a Boy in gray coat and crimson vest, £367. Romney, Mrs. Charnock, £1,995; Miss Maria Copley, £210. Holbein School, Portrait of a Gentleman, in dark dress trimmed with fur, £336. N. Maes, Portrait of a gentleman in black dress, £304. Rembrandt, Portrait of a Gentleman, holding a medal, attached to a chain round his neck, £2,100. Van Dyck, Cardinal Domenico Rivarole, £819; Countess of Northumberland £210. Velasquez, Queen Mariana of Austria, £577; Peasants at a Repast, £1,050; Portrait of a Lady, in black slashed dress and pearl necklace, £1,050. J. Wynants, A Landscape, divided by a high road, £210 W. Mieris, An Apothecary, £210. S. Ruysdael, A River Scene, £504. Sir W. Beechey, Miss Moysey, £924. A. van der Neer. A River Scene, £399. C. Janssens, Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, £210.

Finance.

THE CONDITION OF THE RAILWAYS.

The advance figures of the forthcoming report of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been summarized for publication. They offer a comparison of railway finances for the fiscal years 1905-6 and 1906-7, interesting enough as history, but affording little light for guidance at the present juncture. The compilation of statistics devolving on the statistician of the Commission is an elaborate task. It would perhaps be impossible for him to give an approximate comparison of earnings and operating expenses for the fiscal year just closed and 1906-7. But it is precisely the latter comparison which is of moment The Commission's report, always twelve months and more behind the present, reminds one of Mark Twain's characterization of Louis XVI.—good at chasing national maladies, but very poor at overtaking them.

It would seem, however, that June 30, 1907, marked the high tide of prosperity for railway transportation in this country. The single-track mileage on that date was 229,951 miles, of which 5,588 miles had been added during the preceding twelve months. The passenger revenue had exceeded that of the previous fiscal year by over $54,000,000; and the freight earnings had overtopped the similar item of the previous twelve months by over $183,000,000. Expenses of operation had grown by $211,000,000, but gross receipts had increased their lead over operating expenses by more than $51,000,000. Net earnings per mile had grown from $3,548 to $3,696, and variations per ton mile and per passenger mile had both shown trifling gains.

Fortunately for our information, the *Wall Street Journal* has made an unofficial comparison of railway earnings for the fiscal year just closed, with the bumper year 1906-7. It is based on incomplete reports, but the totals will doubtless be close to those of the Commission's report a year hence. This comparison shows a decline in gross earnings of $106,000,000, or approximately 4.12 per cent. The slight concomitant increase in operating expenses—less than one per cent.—results in a loss of net earnings estimated at 14.47 per cent. It is of course, notorious that many roads have reduced their dividends, and that some have suspended them entirely. It is also true that they have lessened their outlay on new equipment and on extensions and improvements. The New York Central alone is said to have cut down these items of cost by about $60,000,000, as compared with the year preceding.

But granting all these dismal facts, one must be somewhat skeptical about the conclusion drawn by many transportation experts that there is no way to an industrial revival unless the railways can again begin to spend more freely on rolling stock, extensions, and improvements. And that the funds for such increased outlay can and ought to be obtained by a general increase in freight rates is another very disputable proposition. To galvanize industrial prosperity into renewed vigor by so simple and so mechanical a process is more than trained economists will expect. Unless it can be shown that merchants' and manufacturers' profits have declined on the average less than the earnings of the carriers, why should they be singled out as the proper persons on whom to unload in the first instance the burden of a higher price? The belief seems to have become general since the famous settlement of the anthracite miners' strike that the consumer can be made to pay all advances necessary for securing the prosperity of dissatisfied producers. This comfortable belief will be dissipated some fine morning. At present the country is wearing its old clothes. Railway men themselves comment on the shrinkage in pleasure excursions and ordinary summer travel. The dwindling of luxurious imports is another indication that even the well-conditioned classes are practising economy. Ultimately it is the disposition of the individual consumer that will hasten or delay industrial revival. And the advances in price, which retailers must ask to offset higher freight bills, will hardly lure the ordinary buyer into making more purchases.

The conference of railway presidents in this city last week gave strong confirmation of the double-edged character of the proposed remedy. The president of the Reading is reported to have said that local manufacturing interests served by his line could not stand the proposed advance. This determined position served to abate the zeal which other roads in the same territory had formerly felt for the policy of an increase. The Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Lackawanna cannot pursue a radically different policy, when serving the same region.

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The precise effect of an increase in any freight schedule can be determined only by experience, and can be approximately predicted only by a far-seeing transportation expert. But one thing can be laid down *à priori*—that higher rates will not tempt any shipper to make heavier shipments, and that certain consignments now yielding only a small margin of profit will cease altogether under the pressure of higher rates. It may be possible that the higher rates on a smaller volume of traffic will, in special instances, augment the carrier's net earnings. But even in this extreme case the carrier's vicarious interest in a general industrial revival seems somewhat hypocritical when the policy of cure must curtail the volume of freight moved, and must tend to lessen the output of mill and factory. With some thousands of empty freight cars still on the sidings, and the country waiting for an industrial readjustment, the raising of freight rates would seem to be an obviously stupid remedy. If it should chill energy and defer the revival of trade, the railroads will have made a bad bargain.

In his "Railway Enterprise in China," Percy Horace Kent has brought together the essential facts about the origin and present status of the Chinese railways (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). An appendix, of some hundred pages, presents copies of the more important contracts and other documents, such as the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Railway enterprise in China is shown to be still in its infancy, the entire empire having but one mile of road for every 77,100 inhabitants. The net result to date is the development of what is theoretically a system of state railways. This the author regards as not only "the best conceivable for China," but even "the only possible system for the country," since private Chinese enterprise is inadequate for the work in hand, and grants of concessions to foreign capitalists involve serious political dangers. In the future development of the railways the primary problem before the government is a financial one, and in solving it reliance must be placed upon foreign money markets. The obvious course for the government, under these circumstances, is to administer the roads in such a manner as will foster confidence; and in the imperial railways of North China, Mr. Kent thinks, there is already an example of such administration. For the best results, also, a considerable extension of imperial control over railways will be desirable. Such a policy implies necessarily a strong central government, and it remains to be seen whether China will face the situation and introduce the needed reforms. Mr. Kent has been painstaking in his work, and has produced a book that commands the confidence of the reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Samuel, The Writings of. Collected and edited by Harry A. Cushing. Vol. IV. Putnams. $5.
Ayscough, John. Marotz. Putnams. $1.50
Bazin, René. Redemption. Scribners.
Bhagavad Gita. Translated by Charles Johnston. Flushing, N. Y.: Charles Johnston.
Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, Classified Catalogue of the. Part III. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Davenport, Cyril. The Book: Its History and Development. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Du Bois, H. Graham. The Soul of the Singer. Boston: Badger.
Du Bois, Mary R. J. Poems for Travellers. Holt, $1.50 net.
Galsworthy, John. Villa Rubein. Putnams. $1.50.
Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Old English Bible, and Other Essays. Macmillan.
Gilbert, R. W. Golden Rod and Lilies. Boston: Badger.
Humphrey, Lucy H. The Poetic Old-World. Holt. $1.50 net.
James, Henry. Vol. XI.: What Masie Knew; In the Cage; The Pupil. Vol. XII.: The Aspen Papers; The Turn of the Screw, etc. Scribners.
Keats's Poetical Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Henry Frowde.
Kent, Charles Foster. The Founders and Rulers of United Israel. Scribners.
Lenotre, G. The Daughter of Louis XVI. Translated by J. Lewis May. Lane. $4.
Little, Mary B. The Rubaiyat of a Huffy Husband. Boston: Badger.
New Jersey Archives. Vol. III. Trenton, N. J.
Nicolls, William Jasper. Brunhilda of Orr's Island. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Picturesque Sweden. Stockholm: Wahlstrom & Widstrand.
Politovsky, Eugène S. From Libau to Tushima. Translated by Major F. R. Godfrey. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Rutledge, Archibald. The Banners of the Coast. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.
Scott, W. W. A History of Orange County, Virginia. Richmond, Va.: Everett Waddey Co.
Shinn, Milicent Washburn. Notes on the Development of the Child. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.
Stoker, Bram. The Gates of Life. Cupples & Leon Co.
Townley, Houghton. The Bishop's Emeralds. W. J. Watt & Co.
Tullberg, Tycho. Linnéporträtt. Stockholm.
Villiers-Stuart, Gerald. The Soul of Crœsus. Cupples & Leon Co.
Warren, Maude Radford. The Land of the Living. Harpers. $1.50.
Wohlfarth, Julian Helen and Lillian Emily Rogers. Yonkers: World Book Company.
Worley, George. The Priory of St. Bartholomew. London: George Bell & Sons.

READY THIS WEEK

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By Professor W A. LOCY of Northwestern University. 123 illustrations. 460 pp. 8vo. $2.75 net.

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